

Appius and Virginia,
Acted at the Dukes THEATER
under the name of
THE ROMAN VIRGIN
O R
UNJUST JUDGE,
A
TRAGEDY.

B Y
JOHN WEBSTER.



John Webster

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THE FAMILY OF THE 18th CENTURY

18th

18th

18th

Book 18th



A P P I U S AND V I R G I N I A.

Actus Primus Scena Prima.

Enter Minutius, Oppius, and Liſtors.

Minut. **I**S Appius ſent for, that we may acquaint him
with the decree o' th' Senate?

Liſtor He is, my Lord, and will attend
your Lordſhips preſently.

Opp. Liſtor, did you tell him that our buſineſſe
was from the Senate?

Liſt. I did, my Lord, and here he is at hand.

Enter Appius, his two Cozens, and M. Clodius.

Appius My Lords, your pleaſure?

Minut. Appius, the Senate greet you well,
and by us do ſignifie unto you
that they have choſen you one of the Decemviri.

App. My Lords, far be it from the thoughts
of ſo poor a Plebeian, as your unworthy ſervant
Appius, to ſoar ſo high: the dignity of ſo
eminent a place would require a perſon
of the beſt parts and blood in Rome.

My Lords, he that muſt ſteer at th' head of an
Empire, ought to be the Mirrour of the times
for Wiſdome and for Policie, and therefore
I would beſeech the Senate to elect one
worthy of the place, and not to think of
one ſo unfit as Appius.

B

Minutius

A Tragedy.

Minn. My Lord, my Lord, you dally with your wits.
I have seen children oft eat sweet meats thus,
as fearfull to devoure them :
you are wise, and play the modest courtier right,
to make so many bits of your delight.

Oppius. But you must know, what we have once concluded
cannot for any private mans affection
be slighted : take your choice then with best judgement
of these two proffers, either to accept
the place propos'd you, or be banished Rome
immediately : *Lictors* make way : we expect
your speedy resolution.

Exeunt Oppius, Minnir.

1. *Cozen.* Noble cozen,
you wrong your selfe extremely to refuse
so Eminent a place.

2. *Cozen.* It is a meanes
to raise your kindred. Who shall dare t'oppose
himselſe against our Family, when yonder
shall sit your power, and frowne ?

Appius. Or banish Rome !
I pray forbear a little. *Marcus.*

Marcus. Cl. Sir.

Appius. How dost thou like my cunning ?

Marcus. Cl. I protest

I was be-agued, fearing lest the Senate
should have accepted at your fain'd refusal.
See how your kindred and your friends are muster'd
to warme them at your sun-shine. Were you now
in prison, or arraign'd before the Senate
for some suspect of treason, all these swallows
would flie your stormy winter, not one sing :
their Musick is the Summer and the Spring.

Appius. Thou observest shrewdly : well, Ile sit 'em for't
I must be one of the *Decemviri*,
or banish't Rome. Banish't ! laugh, my trusty *Marcus*.
I am inforc't to my ambition.

I have heard of cunning footmen that have worne
shooes made of lead some ten dayes 'fore a race
to give them nimble and more active feet :
so great men should, that aspire eminent place,
load themselves with excuse and faint denyall,
that they with more speed may performe the trial :
Marke his humiliry saies one; how far
his dreames are from ambition, saies another;

he would not shew his Eloquence, lest that
should draw him into office : and a third
is meditating on some thrifty suite
to beg 'fore dinner. Had I as many hands
as had *Briarius*, I'de extend them all
to catch this office; 'twas my sleeps disturber,
my dyets ill digestion, my melancholy
past physicks cure.

Marcus. The Senators returne.

Minu. My Lord, your answer.

*Enter Oppius;
Minutius, Lictors.*

Appius. To obey my Lord, and to know how to rule
doe differ much: to obey by nature comes,
but to command by long experience.
Never were great men in so eminent place
without their shadowes. Envy will attend
on greatnesse till this generall frame takes end.
'Twixt these extreames of state and banishment,
my minde hath held long conflict, and at last
I thus returne my answer, noble friends,
we now must part, necessity of State
compells it so.

I must inhabit, now a place unknowne,
you see't compels me leave you. Fare you well.

1. *Cozen.* To banishment, my Lord?

Appius. I am given up
to a long travell full of fear and danger,
to waste the day in sweate, and the cold night
in a most desolate contemplation,
banisht from all my kindred and my friends,
yea banisht from my selfe; for I accept
this honourable calling.

Minu. Worthy *Appius*,
the gods conduct you hither : *Lictors*, His robes.

2. *Cozen.* We are made for ever, noble kinsman,
'twas but to fright us.

Appius. But my loving kinsmen,
mistake me not, for what I spake was true,
bear witnesse all the gods : I told you first,
I was to inhabit in a place unknown ;
'tis very certaine, for this reverend seat
receives me as a pupill, rather gives
ornament to the person, then our person
the least of grace to it. I shewed you next
I am to travell; 'tis a certaine truth;

Look by how much the labour of the minde
exceeds the bodies, so far am I bound
with paine and industry, beyond the toyle
of those that sweat in warre, beyond the toyle
of any Artisan, pale cheeks, and sunk eyes,
a head with watching dizied, and a haire
turn'd white in youth, all these at a dear rate
we purchase speedily that tend a State.

I told you I must leave you, 'tis most true.
Henceforth the face of a Barbarian
and yours shall be all one, henceforth Ile know you
but only by your vertue: brother or father
in dishonest suite shall be to me
as is the branded slave. Justice should have
no kindred, friends, nor foes, nor hate, nor love,
as free from passion as the gods above.
I was your friend and kinsman, now your Judge,
and whilst I hold the scales, a downy feather
shall as soone turne them as a masse of Pearle
or Diamonds.

Marcus. Excellent, excellent Lapwing,
there's other stuffe closed in that subtle brest.
He sings and beats his wings far from his nest.

Appius. So Gentlemen, I take it, here takes end
your businesse; my acquaintance, fare you well.

i. Ciceron. Heres a quick change, who did expect this cloud?
Thus men when they grow great doe strait grow proud.

Appius. Now to our present businesse at the camp:
the army that doth winter 'fore *Agidon*,
is much distressed we heare: *Minutius*,
you with the levies and the little corne
this present dearth will yield, are speedily
to hasten thither, so to appease the minde
of the intemperate souldier.

Minu. I am ready
the levies doe attend me, our Lieutenant
send on our Troopes.

Appius: Farewell *Minutius*.
the gods goe with you, and be still at hand
to adde a triumph to your bold command.

Exeunt.

Enter Numitorius, Icilius, Virginia.

Numitor. Noble *Icilius* welcome, teach your selfe
a bolder freedom here; for by our love

your

A Tragedy.

5

your suite to my faire Neece doth parallell
her kindreds wishes. There's not in all Rome
a man that is by honour more approv'd
nor worthier, were you poore, to be belov'd.

Icilius. You give me (noble Lord) that character
which I could never yet read in my selfe:
but from your censure shall I take much care
to adorne it with the fairest ornaments
of unambitious vertue: here I hold
my honorable patterne, one whose minde
appeares more like a ceremonious chappell
full of sweet musick, then a thronging presence.
I am confirm'd, the court doth make some shew
fairer then else they would doe, but her port
being simple vertue, beautifies the court,

Virginia. It is a flattery (my Lord)
you breath upon me, and it shewes much like
the borrowed painting which some Ladies use,
it is not to continue many dayes;
my wedding garments will outweare this praise.

Numitor. Thus Ladies still foretell the funerall
of their Lords kindnesse.

But my Lord, what newes?

Icilius. *Virginus,* my Lord, your noble brother *whispers Icilius*
disguis'd in dust and sweat, is new arriv'd *in the care.*
within the City: troopes of artificers
follow his panting horse, and with a strange
confused noyse, partly with joy to see him,
partly with fear for what his hast portends,
they shew as if a sudden mutiny
orespread the City.

Numitor. Cozen take your chamber.
What businesse from the camp?

Icilius. Sure Sir it beares
the forme of some great danger, for his horse
bloody with spurring, shewes as if he came
from forth a battell: never did you see
amongst quails or cocks in fight, bloodier Heele,
then that your brother strikes with. In this forme
of repentant horseman, having as it seemes,
with the distracting of his newes, forgot
house, friends, or change of raiment, he is gone
to th'Service house.

Numitor. Now the gods bring us safety,

the

the face of this is cloudy, let us haste
to 'ch Senate house, and there enquire how neare
the body moves of this our threatned fear.

Exeunt.

Enter Appius melancholly after Clodius.

Cl: My Lord.

Appius. Thou troublest me.

Clodius. My hand's as ready arm'd to work your peace
as my tongue bold to inquire your discontents.
Good my Lord hear me.

Appius. I am at much variance
within my selfe, there's discord in my blood,
my powers are all in combat, I have nothing
left but sedition in me.

Clodius. Trust my bosom
to be the closet of your private griefs.
Beleeve me, I am uncranied.

Appius. May I trust thee?

M. Clodius. As the firme centre to indure the burden
of your light foot, as you would trust the poles
to bear on them this airy cannopy,
and not to fear their shrinking. I am strong,
fixt and unshaking.

Appius. Art thou? Then thine ever: I love.

M. Clodius. Ha ha he.

Appius. Can this my ponderous secrecie
be in thine ear so light? seemes my disturbance
worthy such scorn that thou deridest my griefs?
Beleeve me, *Clodius*, I am not a twig
that every gust can shake, but 'tis a tempest
that must be able to use violence
on my grown branches. Wherefore laugh'st thou then?

M. Clodius. Not that y'are mov'd, it makes me smile in scorn
that wise men cannot understand themselves,
nor know their own prov'd greatnesse. *Clodius* laughs not
to think you love, but that you are so hopelesse
not to presume to injoy whom you affect.
What's she in Rome your greatnesse cannot awe
or your rich purse purchase? Promises and threats
are statemens Lictors to arrest such pleasures
as they would bring within their strict commands;
why should my Lord droop, or deject his eye?
can you command Rome, and not countermand
a womans weaknesse? Let your Grace bestow

your

A Tragedy.

7

your purse and power on me. I'll prostrate you.

Appius. Ask both and lavish them to purchase me
the rich fee-simple of *Virginia's* heart.

M. Clodius. *Virginia's* !

Appius. Hers.

M. Clodius. I have already found
an easie path which you may safely tread,
yet no man trace you.

Appius. Thou art my comforter.

M. Clodius. Her father's busied in our forreign wars,
and there hath chief employment ; all their pay
must your discretion scantle : keep it back,
restraine it in the common Treasury.

Thus may a states-man 'gainst a souldier stand,
to keep his purse weak, whilst you arme his hand
Her father thus kept low gifts and rewards
will tempt the maide the sooner ; nay haply draw
the father in to plead in your behalfe.

But should these faile , then siege her Virgin Tower
with too prevailing engines, feare and power.

Appius. Go then and prove a speeding advocate :
Arme thee with all our bounty, oratory,
variety of promise.

Enter Valerius.

Valerius. *L. Appius*, the *Decemvirate* intreat
your voice in this dayes Senare. Old *Virginus*
craves audience from the camp with earnest suite
for quick dispatch.

Appius. We will attend the Senate. *Clodius*, Be gone.

Enter Spurius, Opus, Valerius, Numitor, &c.

Opus. We sent to you to assist us in this counsell
touching the expeditions of our war.

Appius. Ours is a willing presence to the trouble
of all State cares. Admit him from the camp.

Enter Virginus.

Opus. Speak the camps will.

Virginus. The camp wants money, we have store of knocks,
and wounds Gods plenty, but we have no pay,
this three moneths did we never bouse our heads,
but in yon great star-chamber; never bedded
but in the cold field-beds, our vittaille failes us,
yet meet with no supply ; we're fairly promis'd,
but souldiers cannot feed on promises;
all our provant, appuells torne to rags,

and

and our Munition fails us : Will you send us
to fight for *Rome* like beggars ? Noble Gentlemen,
are you the high State of *Decemviri*,
that have those things in mannage ? Pity us,
for we have need on't. Let not your delays
be cold to us, whose bloods have oft been heated
to gaine you fame and riches. Prove not to us
(being our friends) worse foes then we fight with :
Let's not be starv'd in kindnesse. Sleep you now
upon the bench, when your deaf ears should listen
unto the wretchlesse clamours of the poor ?
Then would I had my Drums here, they might rattle,
and rowle you to attendance. Most grave Fathers,
shew your selves worthy stewards to our Mother
fair *Rome*, to whom we are no bastard sons,
though we be souldiers. She hath in her store
food to maintain life in the Camp, as wel
as surfet for the City. Do not save
the foe a labour ; send us some supply,
lest ere they kill us, we by famine die.

App. Shall I (my Lords) give answer to this souldier ?

Opins. Be you the Cities voyce.

App. *Virginus*, we would have you thus possess'd,
we sit not here to be prescrib'd and taught,
nor to have any suter give us limit,
whose power admits no curb. Next know, *Virginus*,
the Camp's our servant, and must be dispos'd,
controul'd and us'd by us, that have the strength
to knit it or dissolve it. When we please
out of our Princely grace and clemency
to look upon your wants, it may be then
we shall redress them : But till then, it fits not
that any petty fellow wag'd by us
should have a tongue sound here before a Bench
of such grave Auditours. Further, —

Virg. Pray give me leave,

Not here ? pray *Appius*, is not this the Judgment seat ?

Where should a poor mans cause be heard but here ?

To you the Statists of long flourishing *Rome*,

to you I call, If you have charity,

if you be humane, and not quite giv'n ore

to Furs and Metall, if you be Romans,

if you have any souldiers bloud at all

flow in your veins, help with your able arms

to prop a sinking camp, an infinite
of fair Rome's sons, cold, weak, hungry, and clothless,
would feed upon your surfet. Will you save them,
or shall they perish?

App. What we will, we will,
be that your answer: perhaps at further leasure
We'll help you, not your merit but our pleasure.

Virg. I will not curse thee, *Appius*, but I wish
thou wert i' ch' camp amongst the Mutineers
to tell my answers, not to trouble me.
Make you us dogs, yet not allow us bones?
Oh what are souldiers come too! Shall your camp,
the strength of all your peace, and the iron wall
that rings this Pomp in from invasive steel;
shall that decay? Then let the forrain fires
climb o're these buildings; let the sword and slaughter
chase the gown'd Senate through the streets of Rome,
to double dye their robes in Scarlet; let
the enemies stript arm have his crimson'd brawns
up to the elbowes in your traiterous bloud;
Let *Janus* Temple be devolv'd, your Treasures
ript up to pay the common adversaries
with our due wages. Do you look for lesse?
the rottenness of this misgovern'd State
must grow to some Disease, incurable
save with a sack or slaughter.

App. Y' are too bold.

Virg. Know you our extremitie?

App. We do.

Virg. And will not help them?

App. Yes.

Virg. When?

App. Hereafter.

Virg. Hereafter? when so many gallant spirits
that yet may stand betwixt you and destruction,
are sunk in death? Hereafter? when disorder
hath swallowed all our Forces?

App. We'll hear no more.

Opus. Peace, fellow peace, know the *Decemviri*,
and their Authority; we shall commit you else.

Virg. Do so, and I shall thank you; be relieved
and have a strong house o're me, fear no Alarmer
given in the night by any quick perdue.

Your Guilty in the City feeds more dainty

then doth your Generall. 'Tis a better Office
to be an under Keeper then a Captain;
The gods of Rome amend it.

App. Break up the Senate.

Virg. And shall I have no answer?

App. So farewell.

Virg. What Slave would be a soldier to be censured
by such as ne'er saw danger? To have our pay,
our worths and merits ballanc'd in the scale
of base moth-eaten peace. I have had wounds
would have made all this Bench faint and look pale
but to behold them searcht. They lay their heads
on their soft pillowes, pore upon their bags,
grow fat with laziness and resty ease.
And us that stand betwixt them and disaster
they will not spare a *Drachma*. O my souldiers,
before you want, I'll sell my smal possessions
even to my skin to help you, Plate and Jewels
all shall be yours. Men that are men indeed,
the earth shal feed, the Sun and air must feed.

Enter Numitorius, Icilius, Valerius, Virginus.

Numitor. Your daughter, noble brother, hearing late
of your arrivall from the Camp, most humbly
prostrates her filial Duty.

Virg. Daughter rise.

And brother I am only rich in her,
and in your love, link't with the honour'd friendship
of those fair Romane Lords. For you *Icilius*,
I hear I must adopt you with the title
of a new son; you are *Virginia's* chief,
and I am proud she hath built her fair election
Upon such store of vertues. May you grow,
although a Cities child, to know a souldier
and rate him to his merit.

Icil. Noble father,
(for henceforth I shal onely use that name)
Our meeting was to urge you to the proceffe
of our fair contract.

Virgin. Wicnesse Gentlemen,
here I give up a fathers interest,
but not a fathers love, that I wil ever
wear next my heart for it was born with her
and growes still with my age.

Numit.

A Tragedy.

II

Numitor. Icilius,
receive her : witnesse noble Gentlemen.

Valer. With all my heart. I would *Icilius* could do as much
for me ; but Rome affords not such another *Virginia*.

Virgin. I am my fathers daughter, and by him
I must be swaid in all things.

Num. Brother, this happy Contract asks a Feast,
as a thing due to such solemnities.

It shall be at my house, where we this night
will sport away some hours.

Virg. I must to horse.

Numitor. What, ride to night ?

Virg. Must see the Camp to night.

'Tis full of trouble and distracted fears,
and may grow mutinous. I am bent to ride.

Val. To night ?

Virg. I am engag'd : short farwels now must serve,
the universal businesse calls me hence,
that touche:h a whole people. *Rome*, I fear,
thou wilt pay use for what thou dost forbear.

Explicit Actus 1.

Actus Secundus Scena Prima.

Enter Clown whispering Virginia, after her M. Clodius with presents.

Virginia **S**irrah, gotell *Calpharina*, I am walking
to take the air : intreat her company.

Say I attend her coming.

Corbulo Madam, I shall : but if you could walk abroad, and get an
Heir, it were better, for your father hath a fair revenue, and never a
son to inherit.

Virginia You are, sirrah —

Corbulo Yes I am sirrah : but not the party that is born to do that;
though I have no Lorships, yet I have so much manners to give my
betters place.

Virginia Whom mean you by your betters ?

Corbulo I hope I have learnt to know the three degrees of compa-
rison : for though I be *bonus*, and you *melior* as well as *mulier* ; yet
my Lord *Icilius* is *optimus*.

Virginia I see there's nothing in such private done,
but you must inquire after.

Corbulo And can you blame us (Madam) to long for the merry
day, as you do for the merry night ?

C 2

Virginia.

A Tragedy.

Virginia. Will you be gone sir?

Corbula. Oh yes, to my Lady *Calphurnias*. I remember my er- (rand.

Vir. My father's wondrous pensive, and withall *Exit Corbula.*
with a suppress'd rage left his house displeas'd,
and so in post is hurried to the camp:
it sads me much; to expell which melancholy,
I have sent for company.

Enter Clodius and Musicians.

Clodius. This opportunity was subtilly waited,
it is the best part of a politician
when he would compasse ought to fame his industry
wisely to waite the advantage of the houres;
his happie minutes are not alwayes present.
Expresse your greatest art, *Virginia* hears you. *Song.*

Vir. Oh I conceive the occasion of this harmony.
Idilius sent it, I must thank his kindnesse.

Clo. Let not *Virginia* wate her contemplation
so high, to call this visit an intrusion;
for when she understands I tooke my message
from one that did compose it with affection,
I know she will not only extend pardon,
but grace it with her favour.

Vir. You mediate excuse for courtesies,
as if I were so barren of civility,
not to esteeme it worthy of my thanks;
assure your selfe I could be longer patient
to hear my cares so feasted.

Clo. Joyne all your voyces till you make the aire
proud to usurpe your notes, and to please her
with a sweet eccho; serve *Virginias* pleasure. *Song.*
As you have been so full of gentlenesse
to heare with patience what was brought to serve you,
so hearken with your usuall clemency
to the relation of a lovers sufferings:
your figure still does revell in his dreames,
he banquets on your memory, yet findes
not thoughts enough to satisfie his wishes,
as if *Virginia* had compos'd his heart,
and fills it with her beauty.

Vir. I see he is a miser in his wishes,
and thinks he never has enough of that
which onely he posselles: but to give
his wishes satisfaction, let him know
his heart and mine doe dwell so near together,

that

A Tragedy.

13

that hourly they converse, and guard each other.

Clo. Is faire *Virginia* confident she knowes
her favour dwels with the same man I plead for ?

Vir. — Unto *Isilius*.

Clo. Worthy faire one,

I would not wrong your worth so to employ
my language for a man so much beneath
the merit of your beauty : he I plead for
has power to make your beauty populous,
your frowne shall awe the world, and in your smile
great Rome shall build her happinesse ;
honour and wealth shall not be stil'd companions
but servants to your pleasure.

Then shall *Isilius* (but a refin'd Citizen)
boast your affection, when Lord *Appius* loves you.

Vir. Blesse his great Lordship, I was much mistaken,
let thy Lord know, thou Advocate of lust,
all the intentions of that youth are honourable,
whil't his are fill'd with sensuality.

And for a finall resolution know,
our hearts in love like twins alike shall grow.

Clo. Had I a wife, or daughter that could please him
I would devote her to him, but I must
shadow this scorne, and sooth him still in lust.

Exit.

Exit.

Enter six Souldiers.

1. What newes yet of *Virginus* returre ?

2. Not any.

1. O the misery of Souldiers !

They doubly starve us with faire promises.
We spread the earth like haile, or new reapt corne
in this fierce famine ; and yet patiently
make our obedience the confined Jaile
that starves us :

3. Souldiers, let us draw our swords
while we have strength to use them.

1. 'Tis a motion
which nature and necessity commands.

Enter Minutins.

Minut. Y'are of *Virginus* Regiment. *Omnes.* We are.

Minut. Why doe you swarme in troopes thus ? to your quarter
Is our command growne idle ? to your trench.
Come I'll divide you, this your conference
is not without suspect of mutiny.

1. Souldiers, shall I relate the grievances

of

of the whole Regiment.

Omnes. Boldly.

1. Then thus my Lord.

Minut. Come, I will not hear thee,

1. Sir you shall :

Sound all the Drums and Trumpets in the camp,
to drowne my utterance, yet above them all
I'll rear our just complaint. Stir not my Lord,
I vow you are not safe if you but move
a sinew till you heare us.

Minut. Well sir, command us : you are the Generall.

1. No my Lord, not I,

I am almost starved ; I wake in the wet trench,
loaded with more cold iron then a jaile
would give a murderer, while the Generall
sleeps in a field bed, and to mock our hunger
feeds us with scent of the most curious fare
that makes his tables crack, our pay detained
by those that are our Leaders : and at once
we in this sad, and unprepared plight,
with the Enemy, and Famine daily fight.

Minut. Doe you threaten us?

Omnes. Sir you shall hear him out.

1. You send us whips, and iron manackles,
and shackles plenty, but the devill a coine,
Would you would teach us that caniball trick, my Lord,
which some rich men 'ith' City oft doe use :
shall's one devoure another ?

Minut. Will you hear me ?

1. O Rome th'art growne a most unnaturall mother,
to those have held thee by the golden locks
from sinking into ruine ; *Romulus*
was fed by a she wolfe, but now our wolves
instead of feeding us devoure our flesh,
carouse our blood, yet are not drunk with it,
for three parts of 't is water.

Minut. Your Captaine,
noble *Virginus* is sent Rome,
for ease of all your grievances. 1. 'Tis false.

Omnes. 1, 'Tis false.

1. Hee's stolne away from's, never to returne,
and now his age will suffer him no more
deale on the Enemy, belike hee'l turne
an usurer, and in the City aire

cut poore mens throats at home sitting in's chaire.

Minut. You wrong one of the honorablest Commanders.

Omnes. Honorable Commander?

1. Commander? I my Lord, there goes the thirst
in victories, the Generall and Commanders
share all the honour as they share the spoile;
but in our overthrowes, where lies the blame?
the common souldiers fault, ours is the shame.
What is the reason that being so far distant
from the affrighted enemy? wee lie
'ith' open field, subject to the sick humors
of heaven and earth: unlesse you cood bestow
two summers of us? shall I tell you truth,
You account the expence of Ingines, and of swords,
of horses and of armor dearer far,
then souldiers lives.

Omnes. Now by the gods you doe.

1. Observe you not the ravens and the crows
have left the City surfet, and with us
they make full banquets: Come you birds of death,
and fill your greedy croppes with humane flesh;
then to the City flie, disgorge it there
before the Senate, and from thence arise
a plague to choake all Rome. *Omnes.* And all the Suburbs,

Minut. Upon a souldiers word, bold Gentlemen,
I expect every houre *Virginus*
to bring fresh comfort.

Omnes. Whom? *Virginus*?

1. Now by the gods, if ever he returne,
wee'le drag him to the slaughter by his locks,
turned white with riot and incontinence,
and leave a president to all the world,
how Captaines use their souldiers.

Enter Virginus.

Minut. See, hee's returned.

Virginus. you are not safe, retire,
your troopes are mutinous, we are begirt
with Enemies more daring, and more fierce,
then is the common foe.

Virg. My Troopes, my Lord?

Minut. Your life is threatned by these desperate men,
berake you to your horse.

Virg. My noble Lord,
I never yet profest to teach the art
of flying, ha, our troopes grown mutinous?

He

he dares not look on me with half a face
that spread this wildfire. Where is our Lieutenant?

Val. My Lord. *Virg.* Sirrah, order our companies.

Minut. What do you mean, my Lord?

Virg. Take air a little, they have heated me.

Sirrah, ist you will mutiny?

3. Not I Sir.

Virg. Is your gall burst, you Traitor?

4. The gods defend Sir.

Virg. Or is your stomach sea-sick, doth it rise?

I'll make a passage for it.

5. Noble Captain, I'll dye beneath your foot.

Virg. You rough porcupine, ha,

do you bristle, do you shoot your quills you rogue?

1. They have no points to hurt you, noble Captain.

Virg. Wast you (my nimble shaver) that would whet
your sword 'gainst your Commanders throat, you sirrah?

6. My Lord I never dream't on't.

Virg. Slaves and cowards,

what are you cholerick now? by the gods

the way to purge it were to let you blood.

I am i'th' center of you, and I'll make

the proudest of you teach the Aspen leaf

to tremble, when I breath.

Minut. A strange Conversion.

Virg. Advance your pikes. The word,

Omnes. Advance your pikes.

Virg. See noble Lord, these are no Mutineers,

these are obedient souldiers, civil men:

You shal command these, if your Lordship please,

to fill a ditch up with their slaughtered bodies,

that with more ease you may assault some Town.

So now lay down your Arms. Villains and Traitors,

I here cashier you. Hence from me my poison,

not worthy of our Discipline: Go beg,

go beg, you mutinous rogues, brag of the service

you ne'er durst look on; it were charity

to hang you, for my mind gives, y'are reserv'd

to rob poor market women.

Minut. O *Viginus.*

Virg. I do beseech you to confirm my sentence,

as you respect me. I will stand my self

for the whole Regiment, and safer far

in mine owne single valour, then begirt

with cowards and with traitors.

Minut. O my Lord, you are too severe.

Virg. Now by the gods, my Lord,
you know no discipline, to pitie them.
Pretious divells ? no sooner my back turn'd,
but presently to mutinie ? *Omnes* : dear Captaine.

Virg. Refuse me if such traiterous rogues
would not confound an Army. When doe you march ?
when doe you march, gentlemen ?

1. My Lord, wee'l starve first,
wee'le hang first, by the gods, doe any thing
ere wee'le forsake you.

Minut. Good *Virginus*,
limit your passion.

Virg. Sir, you may take my place,
not my just anger from me : these are they
have bred a dearth i'th' campe: I'le wish our foes
no greater plague then to have their company:
show but among them all so many scars
as stick upon this flesh, I'le pardon them.

Minut. How now, my Lord, breathlesse ?

Virg. By your favour. I ha said.
Mischiefs confound me if I could not wish
my youth renewed againe, with all her follies,
onely to 'ave breath enough to raile against
these ——— 'Tis too short.

Minut. See Gentlemen, what strange distraction
your falling off from duty hath begot
in this most noble souldier : You may live
the meanest of you to command a Troope,
and then in others youle correct those faults,
which in your selves you cherisht, every Captain
beares in his private government that forme,
which Kings should ore their Subjects, and to them
should be the like obedient. We confesse
you have been distressed : but can you justly challenge
any commander that hath surfered,
while that your food was limited ? You cannot.

Virg. My Lord, I have shred with them an equall for-
hunger, and cold, marcht thorough watery fens, tune,
borne as great burdens as the pioneer,
when scarce the ground would bear me.

Minut. Good my Lord, give us leave to proceed ;
the punishment your Captaine hath inflicted

is not sufficient ; for it cannot bring
 any example to succeeding times
 of pennance worth your faulting : happily
 it may in you beget a certaine shame ;
 But it will in others a strong hope
 of the like lenity. Yet gentlemen,
 you have in one thing given me such a taste
 of your obedience, when the fire was raised
 of fierce sedition, and the cheeke was swolne
 to sound the farall Trumper, then the sight
 of this your worthy Captaine did disperse
 all those unfruitfull humours, and even then
 convert you from feirce Tigers to stayed men :
 we therefore pardon you, and doe restore
 your Captaine to you, you unto your Captaine.

Omnes. The gods require you, noble Generall.

Minut. My Lord, my Lord.

Omnes. Your pardon noble Captaine.

Virg. Well, you are the Generall, and the fault is quit
 a souldiers teares, an elder brothers wit
 have little salt in them, nor doe they season
 things worth observing, for their want of reason.
 Take up your armes and use them, doe I pray,
 ere long youle take your legs to run away.

Minut. And what supply from *Rome*?

Virg. Good store of corne.

Minut. What entertainment there?

Virg. Most honourable,
 especially by the Lord *Appius*.

There is great hope that *Appius* will grow
 the souldiers patron : with what vehemency
 he urg'd our wants, and with what expedition
 he hastned the supplies, it is almost
 incredible. There's promis'd to the souldier
 besides their corne a bounteous donative ; (*A shout.*
 but 'tis not certaine yet when't shall be paid.

Minut. How for your owne particular ?

Virg. My Lord,
 I was not enter'd fully two pikes length
 into the Senate, but they all stood bare,
 and each man offer'd me his seat : The businessse
 for which I went dispatche, what gifts, what favours
 were done me, your good Lordship shall not hear,
 for you would wonder at them, onely this,

'twould

'twould make a man fight up to'th' neck in blood,
to think how nobly he shall be received
when he returnes to'th' City.

Minur. 'Tis well,
give order the provifion be divided
and sent to every quarter.

Virg. Sir, it shall.
Thus men must flight their wrongs, or else conceal them,
when generall safety wills us not reveale them. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Petitioners at one doore, at the other

M. Clodius.

1. *Petit.* Pray is your Lord at leasure?

M. Clodius. What is your suite?

1. *Pet.* To accept this poore Petition which makes knowne,
my many wrongs in which I crave his Justice,
and upright sentence to support my cause,
which else is trod downe by oppression.

M. Clodius. My Lords hand is the prop of Innocence,
and if your cause be worthy his supportance
it cannot fall.

1. *Petitioner.* The gods of *Rome* protect him.

Clodius. What, is your paper too petitionary?

2. *Petit.* It leanes upon the Justice of the Judge,
your noble Lord, the very stay of *Rome*.

Clodius. And surer basis, for a poore mans cause,
she cannot yeeld. Your papers I'll deliver,
and when my Lord ascends the Judgement seate,
you shall find gracious comfort.

Enter Icilius troubled.

Icilius. Where's your Lord?

Clodius. *Icilius*? faire *Virginia's* late betroth'd?

Icilius. Your eares, I hope, you have not forfeited,
that you returne no answer. Where's your Lord?

Clodius. At's studie.

Icilius. I desire admittance to him.

Clodius. Please you attend, I'll know his Lordships pleasure.

Icilius? I pray heaven she have not blab'd.

Icilius. Attend? a petty Lawyer t'other day,
glad of a fee, but cal'd to eminent place,
even to his betters, now the word's, Attend.
This gown'd office, what a breadth it bears?
how many tempests waite upon his frowne?

Enter Clodius.

Clodius. All the petitioners withdraw. *L. Appian*

A Tragedy.

must have this place more private, as a favour
reserv'd for you, *Icilius*. Here's my Lord.

Enter Appius with Liſtors afore him.

Appius. Be gone, this place is only spar'd for us,
and you *Icilius*. Now your business.

Icil. May I speak it freely ?

App. We have suffering ears,
A heart the softest downe may penetrate.
Proceed.

Icil. My Lord.

App. We are private, Pray your courtesie.

Icil. My duty.

App. Leave that to th' publick eye
of *Rome*, and of *Romes* people. *Clodius* there
Clod. My Lord.

App. Place me a second Chaire ; that done,
remove your self. So now, your absence *Clodius*.

Icilius sit, this grace we make not common
unto the noblest *Romane*, but to you
our love affords it freely. Now your suit ?

Icil. It is, you would be kind unto the Camp.

App. Wherein, *Icilius*, doth the Camp touch thee ?

Icil. Thus: Old *Virginus*, now my father in Law,
kept from the publick pay, consumes himself,
sels his Revenues, turnes his plate to coyn,
to wage his souldiers, and supply the Camp,
wasting that useful substance which indeed
should rise to me, as my *Virginia's* Dowry.

App. We meet that opposition thus *Icilius*.
The Camps supplies doth not consist in us,
but those that keep the common Treasury ;
speak or intreat we may, but not command.
But Sir, I wonder, you so brave a Youth,
son to a thrifty *Romane*, should ally you,
and knit your strong armes to such falling branches ;
which rather in their ruine will bear down
your strength, then you support their rottenness.
Be swayed by me, fly from that ruinous house
whose fall may crush you ; and contract with mine,
whose bases are of Marble, deeply fixt
to mauer all gusts and impending stormes.
Cast off that beggars daughter, poor *Virginia*,
whose dowry and beauty, I'll see trebled both,

A Tragedy.

21

in one ally'd to me. Smile you *Icilius*?

Icil. My Lord, my Lord, think you, I can imagine
your close and sparing hand can be profuse
to give that man a Palace, whom you late
deny'd a cottage? Will you from your own coffers
grant me a treble Dowry, yet interpose me
a poor third from the common Treasury?
You must move me by possibilities,
for I have brains; give first your hand and Seal,
that old *Virginus* shall receive his pay
both for himself and souldiers, and that done,
I shall perhaps be soon induc'd to think,
that you who with such willingness did that——

App. Is my Love mispriz'd?

Icil. Not to *Virginia*.

App. *Virginia*?

Icil. Yes *Virginia*, Lustful Lord.

I did but trace your cunning all this while.
You would bestow me on some Appian Trull,
and for that dross to cheat me of my Gold;
for this the Camp pines, and the City smarts.
All *Rome* fares worse for thy incontinence.

App. Mine boy?

Icil. Thine Judg. This hand hath intercepted
thy Letters, and perus'd thy tempting guests,
these ears have heard thy amorous passions, wretch,
these eyes beheld thy treacherous name subscrib'd.
A Judg, a Divil.

App. Come I'll hear no more.

Icil. Sit still, or by the powerful Gods of *Rome*
I'll nail thee to the Chair. But suffer me,
I'll offend nothing but thine ears.

App. Our Secretary.

Icil. Tempt not a Lovers fury, if thou dost
now by my vow, insculpt in heaven, I'll send thee.——

App. You see I am patient.

Icil. But withal revengeless.

App. So, say on.

Icil. Hope not of any grace, or the least favour,
I am so covetous of *Virginia*'s love,
I cannot spare thee the least look, glance, touch,
Divide one bare imaginary thought
into a thousand, thousand parts, and that
I'll not afford thee.

App.

App. Thou shalt not.

Icil. Nay, I will not.

Hadst thou a Judges place above those Judges
that judg all souls, having power to sentence me,
I would not bribe thee, no not with one hair
from her fair temples.

App. Thou shouldst not.

Icil. Nay, I would not.

Think not her Beauty shall have leave to crown
thy lustfull hopes with the least spark of blisse,
or have thine ears charm'd with the ravishing sound
even of her harshest phrase.

App. I will not.

Icil. Nay, thou shalt not.

Shée's mine, my soul is crownd in her desire,
to her I'd travell through a land of fire.

App. Now have you done?

Icil. I have spoke my thoughts.

App. Then will thy fury give me leave to speak?

Icil. I pray say on.

App. Icilius, I must chide you, and withall
tell you, your rashnesse hath made forfeiture
even of your precious life, which wee esteeme
too deer to call in question. If I wisht you
of my allyance, graft into my blood,
condemn you me for that? Oh see the rashnesse
and blind misprision of distempred youth!
As for the Maid *Virginia*, wee are far
even in least thought from her; and for those Letters,
Tokens and Presents, wee acknowledg none.
Alas, though great in place, wee are not gods.
If any false impostor hath usurpt
our hand or greatnesse in his own behoof,
can wee help that? *Icilius*, there's our hand,
your rashnesse we remit; let's have hereafter
your love and best opinion. For your suit,
repair to us at both our better leisures,
wee'l breathe in it new life.

Icil. I crave your pardon.

App. Granted ere crav'd, my good *Icilius*.

Icil. ——— Morrow.

App. It is no more indeed. Morrow *Icilius*.

If any of our servants wait without,
command them in. *Icil.* I shall.

App.

A Tragedy.

23

App. Our Secretary,
we have use for him. *Icilius*, send him hither.
Again good morrow. *Exit Icilius.*
Go to thy death, thy life is doom'd and cast.
Appius be circumspect, and be not rash
in blood as th'art in lust : Be murderous still,
but when thou strik'st, with unseen weapons kill.

Enter Clodius.

Clod. My Honourable Lord.

Appius. Deride me, dog?

Clod. Who hath stirr'd up this tempest in your brow?

App. Not you? Fie, you?

Clod. All you Pantheon Gods,
confound me, if my soul be accessary
to your distractions.

Appius. To send a ruffian hither,
even to my closet, first, to brave my Greatness,
play with my beard, revile me, taunt me, hisse me;
nay after all these deep disparagements,
threat me with steel, and menace me unarm'd,
to nail me to my seat, if I but mov'd :
all these are slight, slight toys.

Clod. *Icilius* do this?

App. Ruffian *Icilius*, he that in the front
of a smooth Citizen, bears the rugged soul
of a most base Bandetto.

Clod. He shall die for't.

App. Be not too rash.

Clod. Were there no more men to support great *Rome*,
even falling *Rome* should perish, ere he stand :
I'll after him, and kill him.

App. Stay, I charge thee.

Lend me a patient ear ; To right our wrongs,
we must not menace with a publick hand ;
we stand in the worlds eye, and shall be taxt
of the least violence, where we revenge :
We should smile smoothest where our hate's most deep,
and when our spleen's broad waking, seem to sleep.
Let the young man play still upon the bit,
till we have brought and train'd him to our lure ;
Great men should strike but once, and then strike sure.

Clod. Love you *Virginia* still?

App. Do I still live?

Clod.

Clod. Then she's your own. *Virginus* is, you say,
still in the Camp.

App. True.

Clod. Now in his absence will I claim *Virginia*
to be the daughter of a bond woman,
and slave to me; to prove which, I'll produce
firm proofs, notes probable, sound Witnesses;
then having with your Lictors summonsd her,
I'll bring the cause before your Judgement Seat,
where, upon my infallid evidence,
you may pronounce the sentence on my side,
and she become your Strumpet not your Bride.

App. Thou hast a copius brain, but how in this
shall we dispose *Icilius*?

Clod. If he spurne
clap him up close, there's wayes to charm his spleen.
By this no scandal can redound to you;
the Cause is mine; you but the Sentencer
upon that evidence which I shall bring.
The business is, to 'ave Warrants by Arrest,
to answer such things at the Judgment Bar
as can be laid against her; Ere her friends
can be assembled, ere her self can study
her answer or scarce know her cause of summons
to descant on the matter, *Appius* may
examine, try, and doom *Virginia*.
But all this must be sudden.

App. Thou art born
to mount me high above *Icilius* scorn.
I'll leave it to thy manage.

Explicit Actus secundus.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius Scena Prima.

Enter Nurse and the Clown.

Corbulo. **W**Hat was that you said, Nurse?

Nurse. Why, I did say thou must bestir thy selfe.

Corbulo. I warrant you I can bestir my stumps as soon as another, if fit occasion be offered; but why do you come upon me in such haste? is it because (Nurse) I should come over you at leisure?

Nurse

Nurse. Come over me, thou knave? what dost thou mean by that?
Corbulo. Only this, if you will come off, I will come on.

Nurse. My Lord hath strangers to night: you must make ready the Parlour, a table and lights; nay when, I say?

Corbulo. Me thinks you should rather wish for a bed then for a board, for darkness then for lights; yet I must confess you have been a light woman in your time: but now.

Nurse. But now? what now, you knave?

Corbulo. But now I'll go fetch the table and some lights presently.

Enter Numitorius, Horatio, Valerius, Icilius.

Numit. Some lights to usher in these Gentlemen,
 Clear all the roomes without there. Sir, pray sit.
 None interrupt our conference. *Enter Virginia.*
 Ha, whose that?

Nurse. My most — child, if it please you.

Numitor. Fair *Virginia*, you are welcome.
 The rest forbear us till we call. Sweet cozen,
 our business, and the cause of our discourse
 admits you to this Councel. Take your place.
Icilius we are private, now proceed.

Icil. Then thus; Lorde *Appius* doth intend me wrong,
 and under his smooth calmnesse cloaks a tempest,
 that will ere long break out in violence
 on me and on my fortunes.

Numit. My good cozen,
 you are young, and youth breeds rashness. Can I think
 Lord *Appius* will do wrong, who is all Justice,
 the most austere and upright Censurer
 that ever sate upon the awful Bench?

Valer. *Icilius*, you are neer to me in blood,
 and I esteem your safety as mine owne.
 If you will needs wage eminence and state,
 chuse out a weaker opposite, not one
 that in his arm bears all the strength of *Rome*.

Numit. Besides *Icilius*,
 know you the danger what it is to scandal
 one of his place and sway?

Icil. I know it kinsmen, yet this popular Greatness
 can be no bug-bear to affright mine innocence.
 No his smooth crest hath cast a palped film
 over *Romes* eyes. He juggles, a plain Juggler.
 Lord *Appius* is no lesse.

E

Numit.

Numit. Nay, then Cozen,
you are too harsh, and I must hear no more.
It ill becomes my place and gravity,
to lend a face to such reproachful terms
'gainst one of his high presence.

Icil. Sit, pray sit,
to see me draw his picture 'fore your eyes,
to make this man seem monstrous, and this god
Rome so adores, a divel, a plain divel.
This Lord, this Judg tis *Appius*, that professeth
to all the world a vestal chastity,
is an incontinent, loose Leacher growne.

Numit. Fy cozen.

Icil. Nay 'tis true. Daily and hourly
he tempts this blushing Virgin with large promises,
with melting words and Presents of high rate,
to be the stale to his unchaste desires.

Omnes. Is't possible?

Icil. Possible?

'Tis actual Truth, I pray but ask your Neece.

Virg. Most true, I am extremely tyr'd and wearied
with messages and tokens of his love;
no answer, no repulse will satisfie
the tediousness of his importunate suit.
And whilst I could with modesty and honour,
without the danger of reproach and shame,
I kept it secret from *Icilius*;
but when I saw their boldness found no limit,
and they from fair intreaty grew to threats,
I told him all.

Icil. True: understanding which
to him I went.

Valer. To *Appius*?

Icil. To that Gyant,
the high Colossus that bestrides us all,
I went to him.

Heratio. How did you bear your self?

Icil. Like *Appius*, at the first, dissemblingly,
but when I saw the coast clear, all withdrawn,
and none but we two in the Lobby, then
I drew my Poinyard, took him by the throat,
and when he would have clamor'd, threatned death,
unlesse he would with patience hear me out.

Numit. Did he, *Icilius*?

Icil.

Icil. I made him that he durst not squeake,
not move an eye, not draw a breath too loud,
nor stir a finger.

Horatio. What succeeded then?

Numit. Keep fast the door there : Sweet Couz not too loud.
What then succeeded?

Icilius. Why, I told him all,
gave him his due, call'd him lascivious Judge,
(a thousand things which I have now forgot)
shewd him his hand a witnesse 'gainst himself,
and every thing with such known circumstance,
that he might well excuse, but not deny.

Numit. How parted you?

Icilius. Why Friends, in outward shew.
But I perceiv'd his heart : that Hypocrite
was born to gull *Rome*, and deceive us all.
He swore to me quite to abjure her love ;
yet ere my self could reach *Virginia's* chamber,
one was before me with regrets from him,
I know his hand. Th' intent of this our meeting
was to intreat your counsell and advice :
The good old man her Father is from home,
I think it good that she now in his absence
should lodg in secret with some private friend,
where *Appius* nor his Lictors, those blood-hounds
can hunt her out. You are her unkle Sir,
I pray counsell the best.

Numit. To oppose our selves
now in this heat against so great a man,
might in my judgment to our selves bring danger,
and to my Neece no safety. If we fall
she cannot stand ; lets then preserve our selves
until her father be discharg'd the Camp.

Valer. And good *Icilius*, for your private ends,
and the dear safety of your friends and kindred,
against that Statist, spare to use your spleen.

Icil. I will be sway'd by you. My Lords, 'tis late,
and time to break up conference. Noble Uncle
I am your growing Debtor.

Numit. Lights without there.

Icil. I will conduct *Virginia* to her lodging.
Good night to all at once.

Numit. The Gods of *Rome* protect you all, and then
we need not fear the envious rage of men.

Exeunt.

Enter

A Tragedy.

Enter Clodius, with foure Liſtors.

Clodius. Liſtors beſtow your ſelves in ſome cloſe ſhops,
about the *forum*, till you have the ſight
of faire *Virginia*, for I underſtand
this preſent morning ſhee'ſ come forth to buy
ſome neceſſaries at the Sempſters ſhops:
how ere accompanied be it your care
to ſeaſe her at our action. Good my friends,
diſperſe your ſelves, and keep a carefull watch.

1. 'Tis ſtrange that Ladies will not pay their debts.

2. 'T were ſtrange indeed, if that our *Romane* Knights
would give them good example and pay theirs.

1. The Calender that we Liſtors goe by, is all dog dayes.

2. Right, our common hunt is ſtill to dog unthrifts.

1. And whats your book of common-prayer?

2. Faith onely for the increaſe of riotous young Gentlemen i'th
countrie, and banquerouts i'th City.

1. I know no man more valiant then we are, for wee
back Knights and Gentlemen daily.

2. Right, we have them by the back hourelly: your French flye ap-
plied to the nape of the neck for the French Rheume, is not ſo ſore
a drawer as a Liſtor.

1. Some ſay that if a little timbred fellow would juſtly a great lo-
gerhead, let him be ſure to lay him i'th kennell; but when we ſhoulder
a Knight, or a Knights fellow, we make him more ſure, for we ken-
nell him i'th counter.

2. Come, lets about our buſineſſe.

Exeunt.

Enter Virginia, Nurſe, and Clowne.

Virg. You are growne wondrous amorous of late,
why doe you looke back ſo often?

Clown. Madam, I goe as a Frenchman rides, all upon one buttock.

Virg. And what's the reaſon?

Clown. Your Ladſhip never ſaw a Monky in all your life time
have a clog at's taile, but hee's ſtill looking back to ſee what the devl
'tis that followes him.

Nurſe. Very good, we are your clogs then.

Virg. Your creſt is growne regardant; here's the beauty
that makes your eyes forgetfull of their way.

Clow. Beauty? O the gods! Madam I cannot indure her com-
Nurſe. Why ſir, what's my complexion? (plexion

Clow. Thy complexion is juſt between a moore & a french woman.

Virg. But ſhe hath a matchleſſe eye ſir,

Clow. True, her eyes are not right matches, beſides ſhe is a wild

Nurſe. What then, I pray you?

Clown. Of all waters I would not have my beefe powder'd with a widowes teares.

Virg. Why, I beseech you?

Clown. O they are too fresh Madam, assure your selfe they will not last for the death of fourteen husbands above a day and a quarter; besides, if a man come a wooing to a widow, and invite her to a banquet contrary to the old rule, she will sooner fill her eye then her belly. Besides that, if he looke into her estate, first, look you, Here are foure fingers, first the charge of her husbands funerall, next debts, and legacies, and lastly the reversion; now take away debts and legacies, and what remaines for her second husband?

Nurse. I would some of the Tribe heard you.

Clown. There's a certaine fish that as the learned divulge, is call'd a sharke. Now this fish can never feede while he swims upon's belly, marry when he lies upon his back, oh he takes it at pleasure.

Virg. Well sir, about your businesse, make provision of those things I directed.

Clown. Sweet Lady, these eyes shall be the clarks of the kitchen for your belly; but I can assure you Woodcocks will be hard to be spoke with, for there's a great feast towards.

Virg. You are very pleasyn'.

Clown. And fresh cod is taken down thick and threefold, women without great bellies goe together by the ears for't, and such a number of sweet tooth'd carers in the market, not a calves head to be got for love or money; Muttons mutton now.

Virg. Why was it not so ever?

Clown. No Madam, the sinners 'ch' Suburbs had almost tane the name quite away from't, 'twas so cheap and common: but now tis at a sweet reckoning, the Terme time is the muttonmonger in the whole calender.

Nurse. Doe your Lawyers eat any fallets with their mutton.

Clown. Yes, the younger revellers use capers to their mutton, so long till with their shuffling and cutting some of them be out at heeles againe. A bountifull minde and a full purse ever attend your Ladiship.

Virg. O I thank you. *Enter Clodius, and foure Lictors.*

Clo. See, you's the Lady.

Clown. I will buy up for your Ladiship all the young cuckoes in the market. *Virg.* What to doe?

Clown. O 'tis the most delicatest dish I'll assure you, and newest in fashion: not a great feast in all Rome without a cuckoe.

Clodi. Virginia. Virg. Sir,

Clodi. Mistris you doe not know me,
we must be acquainted: follow me.

Virg.

A Tragedy.

Virg. You doe salute me strangely. Follow you.

Clow. Doe you hear sir, me thinks you have followers enough. Many Gentlemen that I know, would not have so many tall followers as you have for the price of ten hunting geldings, I'll assure you.

Clodius. Come, will you goe?

Virg. Whither? by what command?

Clodius. By warrant of these men, and priviledge I hold even on thy life. Come ye proud dame, you are not what you seeme.

Virg. Uncivill sir, what makes you thus familiar and thus bold? Unhand me villaine.

Clodius. What Mistris, to your Lord? he that can set the rasor to your throat, and punish you as freely as the gods, no man to aske the cause? Thou art my slave, and here I sease what's mine.

Virg. Ignoble villaine, I am as free as the best King or Consul since *Romulus*. What dost thou meane? Unhand me. Give notice to my uncle and *Icilius*, what violence is offer'd me. *Clodi.* Doe, doe.

Clow. Doe you presse women for souldiers, or do you beg women, instead of other commodities, to keep your hands in use? By this light if thou hast any eares on thy head, as it is a question, I'll make my Lord pull you out by th' eares, though you take a Castle. *Exit.*

Clodius. Come, will you goe along?

Nurse. Whither should she goe sir? here's pulling and haling a poore Gentlewoman.

Clodius. Hold you your prating reverence, the whip shall cease on you for your smooth cozenage.

Virg. Are not you servant to Lord *Appius*?

Clodius. How ere I am your Lord, and will approve it before all the Senate.

Virg. Thou wilt prove thy selfe the cursed pander for anothers lust, and this your plot shall burst about your Ears like thunderbolts.

Clodi. Hold you that confidence, first I will sease you by the course of law, And then I'll talke with you.

Enter Icilius, and Numitorius.

Namit. How now, faire cozen?

Icilius. How now, Gentlemen?

what's

What's the offence of faire *Virginia*,
you bend your weapons on us?

Lictor. Sir stand back, we fear a rescue.

Icilius. There's no need of feare,
where there's no cause of rescue: what's the matter?

Virg. O my *Icilius*! Your incredulity
hath quite undone me, I am now no more
Virginus daughter, so this villaine urges;
But publish't for his bond woman.

Numit. How's this?

Clodius. 'Tis true my Lord,
and I will take my right by course of Law.

Icilius. Villaines let her free,
or by the power of all our Romane gods,
Ile give that just revenge unto my rage
which should be given to Justice. Bond woman?

Clodi. Sir, we doe not come to fight; wee'le deale *Enter Appius.*
By course of Law. My Lord we fear a rescue.

Appius. A rescue? never fear't, here's none in presence
but civill men. My Lord, I am glad to see you.
Noble *Icilius*, we shall ever love you.
Now Gentlemen reach your Petitions.

Icilius. My Lord, my Lord.

App. Worthy *Icilius*, if you have any businesse defer t
untill to morrow, or the afternoone,
I shall be proud to pleasure you.

Icilius. The Fox is earth't, my Lord you cannot winde him yet.

Appius. Stooles for my noble friends.——I pray you sit.

Clodius. May it please your Lordship.

App. Why uncivill sir?

have I not beg'd forbearance of my best
and dearest friends, and must you trouble me?

Clodius. My Lord, I must be heard, and will be heard,
were all the gods in Parliament, I'de burst
their silence with my importunity,
but they should heare me.

Appius. The fellow's mad;
we have no leasure now to heare you sir.

Clodius. Hift now no leasure to heare just complaints?
Resigne thy place O *Appius*, that some other
may doe me Justice then.

Appius. Wee'l hear't to morrow.

Clodius. O my Lord,
Deny me Justice absolutely, rather

then

them feed me with delays.

Isilius. Good my Lord hear him,
and wonder when you heare him, that a case
so full of vile Imposture, should desire
to be unfoulded.

Clodius. I my Lord, 'tis true,
the Imposture is on their parts.

Appius. Hold your prating,
away with him to prison, clamorous fellow.
Suspect you our uprightness?

Clodius. No my Lord:
but I have mighty Enemies, my Lord,
will overflow my cause. See, here I hold
my bondwoman that brags her selfe to be
descended of a noble family.
My purse is too scant to wage Law with them,
I am inforc't be mine own advocate,
not one will pleade for me. Now if your Lordship
will doe me justice so, if not then know
high hills are safe, when seas poore dales overflow.

Appius. Sirra, I thinke it fit to let you know,
e're you proceed in this your subtile suite,
what penalty and danger you acruie,
if you be found to double. Here's a virgin
famous by birth, by education noble,
and she forsooth, haply but to draw
some piece of money from her worthy father,
must needs be challeng'd for a bondwoman.
Sirra take heed, and well bethink your selfe,
I'll make you a precedent to all the world,
if I but finde you tripping.

Clodius. Doe it freely.
and view on that condition these just proofes.

App. Is that the Virgins nurse.

Nurse. Her milch Nurse my Lord, I had a sore hand with her for
a year and a quarter, I have had somewhat to doe with her since too,
for the poore Gentlewoman hath been so troubled with the green
sicknesse.

Isilius. I pray thee Nurse intreat *Sertorius*
to come and speak with me.

App. Here is strange circumstance, view it my Lord,
if he should prove this, it would make *Virginus*
think he were wronged.

Isilius. There is a devilish cunning

express

express in this black forgerie.

App. *Icilius* and *Virginia*, pray come near,
compound with this base fellow. You were better
disburse some trifle then to undergo
the question of her freedome.

Icilius. O my Lord!
she were not worth a handfull of a bribe,
if she did need a bribe.

Appius. Nay, take your course,
I onely give you my opinion,
I aske no fee for't. Do you know this fellow?

Virginia. Yes my Lord, he's your servant.

Appius. Y'are i'th' right:
But will you truly know his character?
he was at first a pettie Notary,
a fellow that being trusted with large summes
of honest Citizens, to be imploy'd
i'th' trade of usury; this Gentleman,
couching his credit like a tilting staffe
most cunningly it brake, and at one course
he ran away with thirty thousand pound,
returning to the City seven year after,
having compounded with his creditors
for the third moiety, he buyes an office
belonging to our place, depends on us,
in which the oppression and vile injuries
he hath done poore suters, they have cause to rue,
and I to pity: he hath sold his smiles
for silver, but his promises for gold,
his delayes have undone men.

The plague that in some foulded cloud remains,
the bright Sun soone disperfeth; but observe,
when black infection in some dunghill lies,
there's worke for bells and graves, if it doe rise.

Numitor. He was an ill prop to your house, my Lord.

Appius. 'Tis true my Lord, but we that have such servants,
are like to Cuccolds that have riotous wives,
we are the last that know it: this is it
makes noblemen suspected to have done ill,
when the oppression lies in their proud followers.

Clod. My Lord, it was some soothing scophant,
some base detraacting Rascal that hath spread
this falsehood in your ears.

App. Peace Impudence, did I not yester day, no longer since

surprize thee in thy Study counterfeiting
our hand? *Clod.* 'Tis true, my Lord.

App. Being subscribed
unto a Letter fill'd with amorous stuff
ur to this Lady?

Clod. I have askt your pardon,
and gave you reason why I was so bold
to use that forgery.

App. Did you receive it?

Virg. I did my Lord, and I can shew your Lordship
a packet of such Letters.

App. Now by the Gods,
I'll make you rue it. I beseech you Sir,
show them the reason mov'd you counterfeited
our Letter.

Enter Valerius.

Clod. Sir, I had no other colour
to come to speak with her.

App. A goodly reason!

Did you until this hour acquaint the Lady
with your intended suit?

Clod. At several times,
and would have drawn her by some private course
to have compounded for her liberty.

Virg. Now by a Virgins honour and true birth,
'tis false, my Lord, I never had a dream
so terrible as is this monstrous divel.

App. Well Sir, referring my particular wrong
to a particular censure, I would know
what is your suit? *Clod.* My Lord, a speedy tryal.

App. You shall obtain't with all severity,
I will not give you longer time to dream
upon new slights to cloak your forgery.
Observe you this Camelion, my Lords,
He make him change his colour presently.

Numit. My Lord, although th' uprightness of our cause
needs no delays, yet for the satisfaction
of old *Virginus*, let him be present
when we shall crave a tryal.

Appius. Sir it needs not:
Who stands for father of the Innocent,
if not the Judge? He save the poor old man
that needless travel.

Virg. With your favour Sir,
we must intreat some respite in a business

so needful of his presence.

App. I do protest,
you wrong your selves thus to importune it.
Well, let it be to morrow, I'll not sleep
till I have made this thicket a smooth plain,
and giv'n you your true honor back again.

Icil. My Lord, the distance 'twixt the Camp and us
cannot be measured in so short a time.
Let us have four dayes respite.

App. You are unwise;
rumor by that time will have fully spread
the scandal, which being ended in one hour
will turn to air: To morrow is the Tryal,
in the mean time, let all contented thoughts
attend you.

Clod. My Lord, you deal unjustly
thus to dismiss her; this is that they seek for,
before to morrow they'll convey her hence
where my claim shall not seise her.

App. Cunning knave,
You would have bond for her appearance? say.

Clod. I think the motions honest.

App. Very good.

Icilus shall engage his honoured word
for her appearance.

Clod. As you please, my Lord,
But it were fitting her old Uncle there
were jointly bound with him.

App. Well Sir, your pleasure
shall have satisfaction. You'll take our word
for her appearance; will you not Sir, I pray?

Clod. Most willingly my Lord.

App. Then Sir you have it,
and 'till mean time I'll take the honoured Lady
into my guardianship, and by my life,
I'll use her in all kindness as my wife.

Icil. Now by the Gods you shall not.

App. Shall not, what?

Icil. Not use her as your wife Sir.

App. O my Lord, I spake it from my heart.

Icil. I very likely.

She is a Virgin Sir, and must not lye
under a mans forth coming; do you mark?
not under your forth coming, lecherous *Appius*.

Appi. Mistake me not, my Lord. Our Secretary,
Take bonds for the appearance of this Lady.
And now to you sir, you that were my servant,
I here casheire you; never shalt thou shrowde
thy villanies under our noble rooffe,
nor scape the whip, or the fell hangmans hook
by warrant of our favour.

Clod. So my Lord,
I am more free to serve the Gods, I hope,
now I have lost your service.

App. Harke you sirra,
who shall give bonds for your appearance, ha?
to justifie your claim?

Clod. I have none, my Lord.

App. Away, commit him prisoner to his chamber:
I'll keep you safe from starting.

Clod. Why my Lord?

App. Away, I will not hear you.

A Judges heart here in the midst must stand,
and move not a haire's breadth to either hand. *Exit.*

Numit. O were thy heart but of the self same piece
thy tongue is, *Appius*; how blest were *Rome*!

Icil. Post to the campe *Sertorius*, thou hast heard
th'effect of all, relate it to *Virginus*.

I pray thee use thy ablest horsemanship,
for it concerns us near. *Serto.* I goe my Lord. *Exit*

Icil. Sure all this is damn'd cunning.

* *Virg.* O my Lord,
seamen in tempests shun the flattering shore,
to bear full sails upon't were danger more.
So men o're born with greatness stil hold dread,
false seeming friends that on their bosomes spread:
for this is a safe truth which never varies,
He that strikes all his sailes seldome miscarries.

Icil. Must we be slaves both to a tyrants will,
and confounding ignorance at once?
Where are we, in a mist, or is this hell?
I have seen as great as the proud Judge have fell:
the bending Willow yeilding to each wind,
shall keep his rooting firme, when the proud Oak
braving the storme, presuming on his roor,
shall have his body rent from head to foote;
Let us expect the worst that may befall,
and with a noble confidence beare all.

Exeunt.

Enter

A Tragedy.

37

Enter Appian, Clodius, and a servant.

App. Here, bear this packet to *Minutius*,
and privately deliver't, make as much speed
as if thy father were deceas'd i'th' Camp,
and that thou went'st to take th' Administration
of what he left thee. Fly. *Serv.* I go my Lord. *Exit.*

App. O my trusty *Clodius*.

Clod. My dear Lord,
let me adore your divine policy.
You have poison'd them with sweet meats, you have my Lord.
But what contain those Letters?

App. Much importance.

Minutius is commanded by that packet
to hold *Virginus* prisoner in the Camp
on some suspect of Treason.

Clod. But my Lord, how will you answer this?

App. Tush, any fault
or shadow of a Crime will be sufficient
for his committing: thus when he is absent
we shall in a more calm and friendly sea
sail to our purpose.

Clod. *Mercury* himself
could not direct more safely.

App. O my *Clodius*,
Observe this rule, one ill must cure another;
as *Aconitum* a strong poison, brings
a present cure against all Serpents stings.
In high attempts, the soul hath infinite eyes,
and 'tis necessity makes men most wise.
Should I miscarry in this desperate plot,
this of my fate in after times be spoken,
I'll break that with my weight on which I am broken

Exeunt.

*Enter Two Serving men at one door, at the other Corbulo
the Clowne melancholy.*

1 Serving. Why how now *Corbulo*? thou wast not wont to be of
this sad temper. What's the matter now?

Corb. Times change, and seasons alter, some men are born to the
Bench, and some to the halter. What do you think now that I am?

1. Serving. I think thee to be *Virginia's* man, and *Corbulo*.

Corb. No, no such matter: ghes again, tell me but what I am,
or what manner of fellow you imagine me to be?

1. Serving. I take thee to be an honest good fellow.

Corb.

Corb. Wide of the bow hand stil: *Corbulo* is no such man.

2. *Serving.* What art thou then?

Corb. Listen, and I'll describe my self to you: I am something better then a Knave, and yet come short of being an honest man; and though I can sing a treble, yet am accounted but as one of the base, being indeed, and as the case stands with me at this present, inferior to a rogue, and three degrees worse then a Rascal.

1. *Serving.* How comes this to passe?

Corb. Only by my services successe. Take heed whom you serve, Oh you serving Creatures; for this is all I have got by serving my Lady *Virginia*.

2. *Serving.* Why, what of her?

Corb. She is not the woman you take her to be; for though she have borrowed no money, yet she is entered into bonds; and though you may think her a woman not sufficient, yet 'tis very like her bond will be taken. The truth is, she is challenged to be a bond woman; now if she be a bond woman and a slave, and I her servant and Vassal, what did you take me to be? I am an Ant, a Gnat, a worm, a Woodcock amongst birds, a Hodmondod amongst flies, amongst Curs a trindle tale and amongst fishes a poor Iper; but amongst Serving men worse, worse then the mans man to the under Yeomen Fewterer.

1. *Serving.* But is it possible, thy Lady is challenged to be a slave? What witness have they?

Corb. Witness these Fountains, these Flood gates, these Well-springs: the poor Gentlewoman was Arrested in the open Market; I offered, I offered to bail her, but (though she was) I could not be taken. The grief hath gone so near my heart, that until I be made free, I shall never be mine own man. The Lord *Appius* hath committed her to Ward, and it is thought she shall neither lye on the Knight side, nor in the Troping Ward, for if he may have his will of her, he means to put her in the Hole. His Warrant hath been out for her, but how the case stands with him, or how matters will be taken up with her, 'tis yet uncertain.

2. *Serving.* When shall the Tryal be?

Corb. Take it to be as soon as the morning is brought a bed of a new son and Heir.

2. *Serving.* And when is that?

Corb. Why to morrow, for every morning you know brings forth a new sun, but they are all short liv'd, for every night shee drowns them in the Western sea. But to leave these *Enigmas*, as too high for your dull apprehensions. Shall I see you at the Tryal to morrow?

1. *Serving.* By *Jones* help I'll be there.

2. *Serving.*

2. *Serving.* And I, if I live.

Corb. And I, if I dye for't: Here's my hand I'll meet you. It is thought my old master will be there 'at the Bar; for though all the timber of his house yet stand, yet my Lord *Numitorius* hath sent one of his Posts to the Camp to bid him spur cut and come to the sentence. Oh we have a house at home as heavy as if it were covered with lead. But you will remember to be there.

1. *Serving.* And not to fail.

Corb. If I chance to meet you there, and that the Case go against us, I will give you a quart, not of Wine, but of Tears; for instead of a new Role, I purpose to break my Fast with sops of sorrow.

Explicit Actus tertius.

Actus Quartus Scena Prima.

*Enter Virginius like a slave, Numitorius, Icilius, Valerius, Horatio
Virginia like a slave, Julia, Calphurina, Nurse.*

Virginius. **T**Hanks to my noble friends, it now appears
that you have rather lov'd me then my fortune,
for that's near shipwrackt: chance you see still ranges,
and this short dance of life is full of changes.

Appius! how hollow that name sounds, how dreadful?
It is a question, whether the proud Leacher
will view us to our merit; for they say,
his memory to vertue and good men
is still carousing *Lethæ*. O the Gods,
not with more terror do the souls in hell
appear before the seat of *Rhadamanth*,
then the poor Clyent yonder.

Numit. O *Virginius*.

Why do you wear this habit? it ill fits
your noble person, or this reverend place.

Virg. That's true, old man, but it well fits the case
thats now in question. If with form and shew
they prove her slaved, all freedome I'll forgoe.

Icilius. Noble *Virginius*,
put out a bold and confident defence:
search the Imposture, like a cunning Tryer,
false metalls bear the touch, but brook not fire:

their

their brittle ness betrays them ; let your breath
discover as much shame in them, as death
did ever draw from Offenders. Let your truth
nobly supported, void of fear or art,
welcome what ever comes with a great heart.

Virginus. Now by the Gods, I thank thee noble youth.
I never fear'd in a besieged Town
Mines or great Engines like yon Lawyers Gown.

Virginia. O my dear Lord and father, once you gave me
a noble freedom, do not see it lost
without a forfeit ; take the life you gave me
and sacrifice it rather to the gods
then to a villains Lust. Happy the Wretch
who born in bondage lives and dies a slave,
and sees no lustful projects bent upon her,
and neither knowes the life nor death of honor.

Isid. We have neither Justice, no nor violence,
which should reform corruption sufficient
to cross their black premeditated doom.

Appius will seize her, all the fire in hell
is leapt into his bosom.

Virginus. O you Gods,
extinguish it with your compassionate tears,
although you make a second deluge spread,
and swell more high then *Tenerife's* high head.
Have not the Wars heapt snow sufficient
upon this aged head, but they will stil
pile winter upon winter?

Enter Appius, Oppius, Clodius, six Senators, Lictors.

Appius. Is he come? say.
Now by my life I'll quit the General.

Numit. Your reverence to the Judge, good brother.

Virginus. Yes Sir, I have learnt my complement thus,
Blest mean estates who stand in fear of many,
and great are curst for that they fear not any.

App. What is *Virginus* come?

Virg. I am here my Lord.

App. Where is your daughter?

Numit. Here my reverend Lord.

Your habit shewes you strangely.

Virginia. O 'tis fit,
it suits both time and cause. Pray pardon it,

App

App. Where is your Advocate?

Virg. I have none my Lord.

Truth needs no Advocate, the unjust Cause
buys up the tongues that travel with applause
in these your thronged Courts. I want not any,
and count him the most wretched that needs many.

Orator. May it please your reverend Lordships?

App. What are you Sir?

O at. Of counsel with my Clyent *Marcus Clodius*.

Virg. My Lord, I undertake a desperate combat
to cope with this most eloquent Lawyer:
I have no skill i'th' weapon, good my Lord;
I mean, I am not travell'd in your Lawes.
My suit is therefore by your special goodness
they be not wrested against me.

App. O *Virginus*, the gods defend they should.

Virg. Your humble servant shall ever pray for you.
Thus shall your glory be above your place,
or those high titles which you hold in Court,
for they dy blest that dy in good report.
Now Sir I stand you.

Orat. Then have at you Sir.

May it please your Lordships, here is such a Case
so full of subtilty, and as it were,
so far benighted in an ignorant mist,
that though my reading be insufficient,
my practice more, I never was intangled
in the like puzzenet. Here is one that claimes
th'is woman for his daughter. Heres another
affirms she is his Bond-slave. Now the Question
(with favour of the Bench) I shall make plain
in two words only without circumstance.

App. Fall to your proofs.

Orat. Where are our papers. *Clod.* Here Sir.

Orat. Where Sir? I vow y'are the most tedious Clyent.
Now we come to't my Lord. Thus stands the Case,
the Law is clear on our sides. Hold your prating.
That honourable Lord *Virginus*,
having been married about fifteen year,
and Issueless, this Virgins politick mother
Seeing the Land was likely to descend
to *Numitorius*. I pray Sir listen.
You my Lord *Numitorius* attend,
we are on your side. Old *Virginus*

employed in fortaign wars, she sends him word
 she was with child ; observe it, I beseech you,
 and note the trick of a deceitful woman :
 she in the mean time fains the passions
 of a great bellyed woman, counterfets
 their passions and their qualms, and verily
 all Rome held this for no imposterous stuff.
 What's to be done now? heres a rumor spread
 of a young Heir, gods bless it, and belly
 bumbasted with a cushion : but their wants,
 (What wants there?) nothing but a pretty babe,
 bought with some piece of mony, where it skills not,
 to furnish this supposed lying in.

Nurse. I protest my Lord, the fellow I ch' night cap
 hath not spoke one true word yet.

App. Hold you your prating woman til you are call'd.

Orat. 'Tis purchase. Where? From this mans bond-woman
 The mony paid. What was the sum of mony?

Clod. A thousand Drachmas.

Orat. Good, a thousand Drachmas.

App. Where is that bond-woman.

Clod. She's dead, my Lord.

App. O dead, that makes your Cause suspicious

Orat. But here's her deposition on her death bed,
 with other testimony to confirm
 what we have said is true. Wilt please your Lordship
 take pains to view these writings. Here, my Lord,
 we shall not need to hold your Lordships long;
 we'll make short work on't. *Virg.* My Lord.

App. By your favour.

If that your claim be just, how happens it
 that you have discontinued it the space
 of fourteen years?

Orat. I shall resolve your Lordship.

Scit. I vow this is a practis'd Dialogue :
 comes it not rarely off?

Virg. Peace, give them leave.

Orat. 'Tis very true, this Gentleman at first
 thought to conceal this accident, and did so,
 only reveal'd his knowledg to the mother
 of this fair bond-woman, who bought his silence
 during her life time with great sums of Coyn.

App. Where are your proofs of that?

Orat. Here, my good Lord, with depositions likewise.

App.

App. Well, go on.

Orat. For your question
of discontinuance. Put case my slave
run away from me, dwell in some near City
the space of twenty years, and there grow rich;
it is in my discretion, by your favor,
to seize him when I please. *App.* That's very true.

Virginia. Cast not your nobler beams, you reverend Judges
on such a putrified dunghil.

App. By your favour, you shall be heard anon.

Virg. My Lords, believe not this spruce Orator.
Had I but see'd him first, he would have told
as smooth a tale on our side. *App.* Give us leave.

Virg. He deals in formal glosses, cunning shoves,
and cares not greatly which way the Case goes;
Examine I beseech you this old woman,
who is the truest witness of her birth.

App. Soft you, is she your only witness?

Virg. She is, my Lord.

App. Why, is it possible
such a great Lady in her time of child birth,
should have no other Witness but a Nurse?

Virg. For ought I know the rest are dead, my Lord.

App. Dead? no my Lord, belike they were of counsel
with your deceased Lady, and so sham'd
twice to give colour to so vile an act.
Thou Nurse observe me, thy offence already
doth merit punishment beyond our censure,
pull not more whips upon thee.

Nurse. I defy your whips, my Lord.

App. Command her silence Lictors.

Virg. O injustice! you frown away my Witness;
Is this Law? is this uprightness?

App. Have you viewed the Writings?
This is a trick to make our slaves our heirs
beyond prevention.

Virg. *Appius*, wilt thou hear me?
You have slandered a sweet Lady that now sleeps
in a most noble Monument. Observe me,
I would have ta'en her simple word to gage
before his soul or thine.

App. That makes thee wretched.
Old man, I am sorry for thee that thy love,
by custome is growne natural, which by nature

should be an absolute loathing. Note the Sparrow,
that having hatch'd a Cucko, when it sees
her brood a Monster to her proper kind,
forsakes it, and with more fear shuns the nest,
then she had care i'th' Spring to have it drest.
cast thy affection then behind thy back, and think. —

Orat. Be wise, take counsel of your friends.
You have many souldiers in their time of service
father strange children.

Virg. True: and Pleadars too,
when they are sent to visit Provinces.
You my most neat and cunning Orator,
whose tongue is Quick-silver, Pray thee good *Janus*
look not so many several wayes at once,
but go to th' point.

Orat. I will, and keep you out
at points end, though I am no souldier.

App. First the oath of the deceased bond-woman.

Orat. A very vertuous Matron.

App. Join'd with the testimony of *Clodius*.

Orat. A most approved honest Gentleman.

App. Besides six other honest Gentlemen.

Orat. All Knights, and there's no question but their oaths
will go for currant.

App. See my reverend Lords,
and wonder at a Case so evident.

Virg. My Lord, I knew it.

Orat. Observe my Lord how their own Policy
confounds them. Had your Lordship yesterday
proceeded as 'twas fit, to a just sentence,
the Apparel and the Jewels that she wore,
more worth then all her Tribe, had then been due
unto our Client: now to cosen him
of such a forfeit, see they bring the maid
in her most proper habit, bond-slave like,
and they will save by th' hand too. Please your Lordships,
I crave a sentence.

Virginus. Appius. Virginia. My Lord.

Isil. Lord *Appius*.

Virginus. Now by the Gods here's juggling.

Numit. Who cannot counterfeit a dead mans hand?

Virginus. Or hire some villain to swear forgeties?

Isil. *Clodius* was brought up in your house my Lord,
and that's suspicious.

Numit.

Numit. How is't probable,
that our wife being present at the child-birth,
whom this did nearest concern, should nere reveal it.

Virg. Or if ours dealt thus cunningly, how haps it
her policy, as you term it, did not rather
provide an Issue male to cheer the father?

Orat. I'll answer each particular.

App. It needs not.
Heres witness, most sufficient witness.
Think you, my Lord, our Lawes are writ in snow,
and that your breath can melt them?

Virginus. No my Lord,
We have not such hot livers : Mark you that?

Virginia. Remember yet the Gods, O *Appius*,
who have no part in this. Thy violent Lust
shall like the biting of the invenom'd Aspick,
steal thee to hell. So subtil are thy evils,
in life they'll seem good Angels, in death divels.

App. Observe you not this scandal ?

Isil. Sir, 'Tis none.

I'll show thy Letters full of violent Lust
sent to this Lady.

App. Wilt thou breath a lye
fore such a reverend Audience?

Isil. That place
is sanctuary to thee. Lye ? see here they are.

App. My Lords, these are but dilatory shifts.
Sirrah I know you to the very heart,
and I'll observe you.

Isil. Do but do it with Justice.
Clear thy self first, O *Appius*, ere thou judg
our imperfections rashly, for we wot
the Office of a Justice is perverted quite
when one thief hangs another.

1. Senator. You are too bold. *App.* Lictors take charge of him.

Isil. 'Tis very good.

Will no man view these papers? What not one ?
Jove thou hast found a Rival upon earth,
his nod strikes all men dumb. My duty to you
The As that carried *Isis* on his back,
thought that the superstitious people kneel'd
to give his dulnesse humble reverence.
If thou thinkst so, proud Judg, I let thee see
I bend low to thy Gown, but not to thee

Virg.

Virg. There's one in hold already. Noble youth
 fetters grace one being worn for speaking truth ;
 I'll lye with thee, I swear, though in a dungeon ;
 the injuries you do us we shall pardon ,
 but it is just the wrongs which we forgive,
 the gods are charg'd therewith to see revenged.

App. Come, y'are a proud *Plebeian*.

Virg. True my Lord.

Proud in the glory of my Ancestors,
 who have continued these eight hundred years :
 the Heralds have not knowne you these eight months.

App. Your madnes wrongs you, by my soul I love you.

Virg. Thy soul ?

O thy opinion old *Pythagoras*,
 Whither, O whither should thy black soul fly,
 into what ravenous bird or beast most vile ?
 only into a weeping Crocodile.
 Love me ? Thou lov'st me (*Appius*) as the earth loves rain,
 thou fain wouldest swallow me.

App. Know you the place you speak in ?

Virg. I'll speak freely.

Good men too much trusting their innocence
 do not betake them to that just defence
 which Gods and Nature gave them; but even wink
 in the black tempest, and so fondly sink.

App. Let us proceed to sentence.

Virg. Ere you speak

One parting farwel let me borrow of you
 to take of my *Virginia*.

App. Now my Lords,
 we shall have fair confession of the truth.
 Pray take your course.

Virg. Farewel my sweet *Virginia*, never, never
 shall I taste fruit of the most blessed hope
 I had in thee. Let me forget the thought
 of thy most pretty infancy, when first
 returning from the Wars, I took delight
 to rock thee in my Target, when my Girl
 would kiss her father in his burganet
 of glittering steel hung 'bout his armed neck ;
 and viewing the bright mettall, smile to see
 another fair *Virginia* smile on thee.
 When I first taught thee how to go, to speak,
 and when my wounds have smarted, I have sung

with

with an unskilful, yet a willing voice,
to bring my Girl asleep. O my *Virginia*,
when we begun to be, begun our woes,
increasing still, as dying life still growes.

App. This tediousness doth much offend the Court.
Silence: attend her Sentence.

Virg. Hold, without Sentence I'll resign her freely,
since you will prove her to be none of mine.

App. See, see, how evidently Truth appears.
Receive her *Clodius*.

Virg. Thus I surrender her into the Court
of all the Gods. And see proud *Appius* see,
although not justly, I have made her free.
And if thy Lust with this Act be not fed,
bury her in thy bowels, now shee's dead.

Omnes. O horrid act!

App. Lay hand upon the Murderer.

Virg. Oh for a ring of pikes to circle me.
What? have I stood the brunt of thousand enemies
here to be slain by hang-men? No, I'll fly
to safety in the Camp.

App. Some pursue the villain,
others take up the body. Madness and rage
are still th' Attendants of old doting age.

Enter two Soldiers.

1 Is our Hut swept clean?

2 As I can make it.

1 'Tis betwixt us two;
but how many think'st thou, bred of Roman blood,
did lodg with us last night?

2 More I think then the Camp hath enemies,
they are not to be numbred.

1. Comaigue I fear *Appius* will doom us to *Atteons* death,
to be worried by the Cattel that we feed.

How goes the day?

2 My Stomack has struck twelve.

1 Come see what provant our knapsack yeilds.
This is our store, our Garner.

2 A smal pittance.

1 *Reeds Appius* thus, is this a City feast?
This crust doth taste like date stones, and this thing
if I knew what to call it.

2 I can tell you : cheese struck in years.

1 I do not think but this same crust was bak'd
and this cheese frighted out of milk and whey
before we two were souldiers : though it be old
I see 't can crawl ; what living things be these
that walk so freely 'tween the rind and pith ?
for here's no sap left.

2 They call them Gentles.

1 Therefore 'tis thought fit,
that Souldiers by profession Gentlemen
should thus be fed with Gentles. I am stomach sick,
I must have some strong water.

2 Where will you hav't ?

1 In yon green ditch, a place which none can pass
but he must stop his nose, thou know'st it well,
there where the two dead dogs lye.

2 Yes I know't.

1 And see the Cat that lyes a distance off
be flead for supper. Though we dine to day
as Dutch men feed their souldiers, we will sup
bravely like *Roman* Leaguers.

2 Sir, the General.

1 We'll give him place,
but tell none of our dainties, lest we have
too many guests to supper.

Enter Albinus with his souldiers reading a Letter.

Albinus. Most sure 'tis so, it cannot otherwise be,
Either *Virginus* is degenerate
from the ancient vertues he was wont to boast,
or in some strange displeasure with the Senate;
Why should these letters else from *Appius*
confine him a close prisoner to the Camp ?
and which confirms his guilt, why should he fly ?
needs then must I incur some high displeasure
for negligence to let him thus escape ;
which to excuse, and that it may appear
I have no hand with him, but am of faction
oppo'd in all things to the least misdeed,
I will cashier him, and his Tribuneship
bestow upon some noble Gentleman
belonging to the Camp. Souldiers and friends,
you that beneath *Virginus* Colours marcht,
by strict command from the *Decemvirat*,

we take you from the charge of him late fled,
and his Authority, Command, and Honour
we give this worthy Roman. Know his Colours,
and prove his faithful Souldiers.

Roman. Warlike General,
my courage and my forwardnesse in battel,
shal plead how well I can deserve the title,
to bee a Roman Tribune.

Enter the first mutinous Souldier in haste.

Minut. Now, the newes?

I. Sould. *Virginus* in a strange shape of distraction,
enters the Campe, and at his heels a legion
of all estates, growths, ages, and degrees,
with breathlesse paces dog his frighted steps.
It seemes half *Room's* unpeopled with a traine
that either for some mischief done, pursue him,
or to attend some uncouth novelty.

Minut. Some wonder our fear promises. Worthy souldiers,
martial your selves, and entertaine this novel
within a ring of Steele: Wall in this portent
with men and harnesse, be it ne're so dreadful.
Hee's entred by the clamour of the camp,
that entertaines him with these ecchoing shows.
Affection that in Souldiers hearts is bred,
survives the wounded, and out lives the dead.

*Enter Virginus with his knife, that and his arms stript up to
the elbows all bloody; coming into the midst of the souldiers, he makes a stand.*

Virg. Have I in all this populous Assembly
of souldiers that have prov'd *Virginus* valour,
one friend? Let him come thrill his partisan
against this brest, that through a large wide wound,
my mighty soule might rush out of this prison
to flie more freely to yon christal pallace,
where honour sits inthronis'd. What, no friend?
Can this great multitude then yeild an enemy
that hates my life? Here let him seise it freely.
What, no man strike? am I so wel beloved?

Minutius then to thee. If in this camp
there lives one man so just to punish sin,
so charitable to redeem from torments
a wretched souldier, at his worthy hand

H

I beg

begs death.

Minut. What means *Virginus*?

Virg. O if the General's heart be so obdure
to an old begging souldier, Have I here
no honest Legionary of mine own Troop
at whose bold hand and sword, if not entreat
I may command a death?

Sould. Alas good Captain.

Minut. *Virginus*, you have no command at all,
your Companies are elsewhere now bestowed.
Besides, we have a Charge to stay you here,
and make you the Camps prisoner.

Virg. General, thanks.

For thou hast done as much with one harsh word
as I beg'd from their weapons. Thou hast kill'd me
but with a living death.

Minut. Besides, I charge you
to speak what means this ugly face of blood,
you put on your distractions? Whats the reason
all *Rome* pursues you, covering those high hills,
as if they dog'd you for some damned act?
What have you done?

Virg. I have plaid the Parricide,
kill'd mine own child,

Minut. *Virginia*?

Virg. Yes, even she.

These rude hands rift her, and her innocent blood
flow'd above my elbows.

Minut. Kill'd her willingly?

Virg. Willingly, with advice, premeditation,
and settled purpose; and see still I wear
her crimson colours, and these withered arms
are dy'd in her heart blood.

Minut. Most wretched villain?

Virg. But how? I lov'd her life. Lend me amongst you
one speaking Ogan to discolour her death;
It is too harsh an imposition
to lay upon a father. O my *Virginia*!

Minut. How agrees this? love her, and murder her?

Virg. Yes, Give me but a little leave to d'ayn
a few red tears, (for souldiers should weep blood)
and I'll agree them well. Attend me all.
Alas, might I have kept her chaste and free,
this life so oft ingag'd for ingrateful *Rome*,

lay in her bosom. But when I saw her pull'd
by *Appius* Licitors to be claim'd a slave,
and drag'd unto a publick Sessions house,
divorc'd from her fore Spousals with *Leilius*,
a noble youth, and made a bond-woman,
inforc'd by violence from her fathers armes
to be a Prostitute and Permour
to the rude twinings of a lecherous Judge;
Then, then, O loving Souldiers, (I'll not deny it)
for 'twas mine honor, my paternal pity,
and the sole act, for which I love my life.
Then lustful *Appius*, he that swayes the Land,
slew poor *Virginia* by this fathers hand.

1 *Sould.* O villain *Appius*.

2 *Sold.* O noble *Virginus*.

Virg. To you I appeal, you are my Sentencers:
Did *Appius* right, or poor *Virginus* wrong?
Sentence my Fact with a free general tongue.

1 *Sold.* *Appius* is the Parricide.

2 *Sold.* *Virginus* guiltless of his daughters death.

Minut. If this be true, *Virginus* as the moan
of all the Roman fry that followes you
confirmer at large, this cause is to be pityed
and should not dy revengelesse.

Virg. Noble *Minutius*,

Thou hast a daughter, thou hast a wife too,
so most of you have souldiers. Why might not this
have hapned you? Which of you all, deer freinds,
but now, even now, may have your wives deflowred,
your daughters slav'd, and made a Licitors prey?
Think them not safe in *Rome*, for mine lived there.

Roman. It is a common cause.

1 *Sold.* *Appius* shall dy for't.

2. *Sold.* Let's make *Virginus* General.

Omnes. A General, a General, lets make *Virginus* General.

Munit. It shall be so. *Virginus* take my Charge,
the wrongs are thine, so violent and so weighty
that none but he that lost so fair a child,
knowes how to punish. By the Gods of *Rome*,
Virginus shall succeed my full command.

Virg. What's honor unto me, a weak old man,
weary of life, and coverous of a grave?
I am a dead man now *Virginia* lives not,
the self same hand that dar'd to save from shame

a child, dares in the father act the same.

1. *Sould.* Stay noble General.

Minut. You much forget revenge, *Virginius*.
Who, if you dye, will take your cause in hand,
and proscribe *Appius*, should you perish thus?

Virg. Thou oughtest *Minutius*. Soldiers, so ought you.
I'm out of fear, my noble wife's expir'd,
My daughter (of blest memory) the object
of *Appius* lust, lives 'mongst the Elysian Vestals,
my house yeilds none fit for his Lictors spoil.
You that have wives lodg'd in your prison *Rome*,
have Lands unriss'd, houses yet unseiz'd,
your freeborn daughters yet untrumpeted,
prevent these mischiefs yet while you have time.

1. *Sold.* We will by you our noble General.

2. *Sold.* He that was destin'd to preserve great *Rome*.

Virg. I accept your choice, in hope to guard you all
from my inhumane sufferings. Be't my pride
that I have bred a daughter whose chaste blood
was spit for you and for *Rome's* lasting good.

Explicit Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus Scena Prima.

Enter Opus, a Senator, and the Advocate.

Opus. **I**S *Appius* then committed?

Senator. **I** So 'tis rumor'd.

Opus. How will you bear you in this turbulent state?
You are a Member of that wretched Faction.
I wonder how you scape imprisonment?

Advocate. Let me alone, I have learnt with the wise Hedghog
to stop my cave that way the tempest drives.
Never did Bear-whelp tumbling down a hill
with more art shrink his head betwixt his claws
then I will work my safety. *Appius*
is in the sand already up to th' chin,
and shal I hazard landing on that shelf?
Hee's a wife friend that first befriends himself.

Opus. What is your course of safety?

Advoc. Marry this.

Virgin-

Virginus with his Troops is entering *Rome*,
and it is like that in the market place
my *L. Icilius* and himself shall meet.
Now to encounter these, two such great Armies,
where lies my Court of Guard?

Senat. Why in your heels.
There are strange dogs uncoupled.

Adv. You are deceived.
I have studied a most eloquent Oration,
that shall applaud their fortune, and distaste
the cruelty of *Appius*.

Senat. Very good Sir.
It seems then you will rail upon your Lord,
your late good Benefactor.

Adv. By the way Sir.

Senat. Protest *Virginia* was no bond-woman,
and read her noble Pedigree.

Adv. By the way Sir.

Opus. Could you not by the way too find occasion
to beg Lord *Appius* Lands?

Adv. And by the way
perchance I will. For I will gull them all
most palpably.

Opus. Indeed you have the Art
of Flattery.

Adv. Of Rhetorick you would say.
And I'll begin my smooth Oration thus,
Most learned Captains.

Senat. Fie, fie, thats horrible, most of your Captains
are utterly unlearned.

Adv. Yet I assure you,
most of them know Arithmatick so well,
that in a Muster to preserve dead payes,
they I make twelve stand for twenty

Opus. Very good.

Adv. Then I proceed,
I do applaud your fortunes, and commend
in this your observation, noble shake-rags.
The Helmet shall no more harbour the spider,
but it shall serve to carowse Sack and Sider.
The rest within I'll study.

Opus. Farewel *Protest*,
and I shall wish thy eloquent bravado
may shield thee from the whip and Bastinado.

Now

now in this furious tempest let us glide,
with foulded sails at pleasure of the Tyde.

Enter Icilius, Horatio, Valerius, Numitorius (at one door) with Soldiers; Virginus, Minutius, and others at the other doore.

Icil. Stand.

Virg. Make a stand.

Wine

Icil. A parly with *Virginus*.

Minut. We wil not trust our General 'twixt the Armies,
but upon terms of ho rage.

Numit. Well advised !

Nor we our General : who for the leaguer ?

Minut. Our selfe.

Minutius and Numitorius meet embrace, salute the Generals.

Virg. Who for the City ?

Icil. *Numitorius*.

Numit. How is it with your sorrow noble brother ?

Virg. I am forsaken of the gods, old man.

Numit. Preach not that wretched doctrine to your self,
it wil beget despaire.

Virg. What doe you call
a burning Feaver ? Is not that a diuel ?
It shakes me like an earthquake. Wilt a, wilt a
give me some Wine ?

Numit. O it is hurtful for you !

Virg. Why so ? are all things that the appetite
of man doth cover in his perfect health,
what ever Art or Nature have invented,
to make the boundlesse wish of man contented,
Are all his poison ? Give me the Wine there. — When ?
Do you grudge me a poor cup of drink ? Say, Say.
Now by the gods, I'll leave enough behind me
to pay my debts, and for the rest, no matter
who scambles for't.

Numit. Here my noble brother I
Alas, your hand shakes. I will guide it to you.

Virg. 'Tis true, it trembles. Welcome thou just pallie,
'twere pity this should doe me longer service,
now it hath slain my daughter. So I thank you ;
now I have lost all comforts in the world,
it seems I must a little longer live,
bee't but to serve my belly.

Minut.

Minst. O my Lord,
this violent Feaver took him late last night,
since when, the cruelty of the disease,
hath drawn him into sundry passions
beyond his wonted temper.

Isil. 'Tis the gods
have powred their Justice on him.

Virg. You are sadly met my Lord.

Isil. Would we had met
in a cold grave together two months since,
I should not then have curs'd you.

Virg. Ha! Whats that?

Isil. Old man, thou hast shewed thy self a noble *Roman*,
but an unnatural Father; thou hast turned
my Bridal to a Funeral. What devil
did arme thy fury with the Lions paw,
the Dragons taile, with the Bulls double horne,
the Cormorants beak, the Cockatrices eyes,
the Scorpions teeth? and all these by a father
to be employed upon his innocent child?

Virg. Young man, I love thy true description;
I am happy now, that one beside my selfe,
doth teach me for this act. Yet were I pleas'd,
I cou'd approve the deed most just and noble;
and sure posterity, which truly renders
to each man his desert, shall praise me for't.

Isil. Come, 'twas unnatural and damnable.

Virg. You need not interrupt me. Here's a fury
will doe it for you! You are a *Roman* Knight.
What was your oath when you receiv'd your Knighthood?
a parol of it is, as I remember,
rather to die with honour, than to live
in infamy. Had my poor gile been ravish'd,
in her dishonour, and in my sad griefe,
your love and pity quickly had ta'ne end.
Great mens misfortunes thus have ever stood,
they touch none neerly, but their neereft blood.
What do you meane to do? It seems, my Lord,
now you have caught the sword within your hand,
like a mad man you'll draw it to offend
those that best love you; and perhaps the counsel
of some loose unthrif, and vile male contents
hearten you to't: goe to, take your course,
my faction shall not give the least advantage

to murderers, to banquerouts, or thieves,
to fleece the common Wealth.

Isil. Do you term us so?

Shal I reprove your rage, or is't your malice?
He that would tame a Lion, doth not use
the goad or wierd whip, but a sweet voice,
a fearful stroaking, and with food in hand
must ply his wanton hunger.

Virg. Want of sleep wil do it better then all these, my Lord.
I would not have you wake for others ruine,
lest you turn mad with watching.

Isil. O you gods!

You are now a General; learn to know your place,
and use your noble calling modestly.
Better had *Appius* been an upright Judg,
and yet an evill man, then honest man,
and yet a dissolute Judg; for all disgrace
lights lesse upon the person, then the place.
You are i'th' City now, where if you raise
but the least uproare, even your Fathers house
shal not be free from raniack. Piteous fires
that chance in Towns of stone, are not so feared
as those that light in Flax shops; for there's food
for eminent ruin.

Minut. O my noble Lord!

Let not your passion bring a fatal end
to such a good beginning. All the world
shal honour that deed in him, which first
grew to a reconciliation.

Isil. Come my Lord,

I love your friendship; yes in sooth I do,
but wil not seale it with that bloody hand.
I line we our armies. No phantastick copy,
or borrowed President wil I assume
in my revenge. There's hope yet you may live,
to outwear this sorrow.

Virg. O Impossible.

A minutes joy to me, would quite crosse nature,
as those that long have dwelt in noisome rooms,
iwoun presently if they but scent perfumes.

Isil. to th' Senate. Come, no more of this sad tale,
for such a tel-tale may we term our grief,
and doth as 'twere so listen to her own words,
Envious of others sleep, because shee wakes.

I ever

I ever would converse with a griev'd person
in a long journey to beguile the day,
or winter evening to passe time away.
March on, and let proud *Appius* in our view
like a tree rotted, fall that way he grew.

*Enter Appius, and Marcus Clodius in
prison, fettered and gyved.*

App. The world is chang'd now. All damnations
seize on the Hydra headed multitude,
that only gape for innovation.

O who would trust a people?

Clod. Nay, who would not,
rather then one rear'd on a popular suffrage,
whose station's built on Avees and Applause?
There's no firm structure on these airy Bases.
O fie upon such Greatness.

App. The same hands
that yesterday to hear me conscionate.
and Oratorize, rung shril Plaudits forth
in sign of grace, now in contempt and scorn
hurry me to this place of darkness.

Clod. Could not their poisons rather spend themselves,
on th' Judges folly, but must it needs stretch
to me his servant, and sweep me along?
Curse on the inconstant rabble.

App. Grieves it thee
to impart my sad disaster?

Clod. Marry doth it.

App. Thou shared'st a fortune with me in my Greatness,
I hal'd thee after when I climb my State,
and shrink'st thou at my ruine?

Clod. I loved your Greatness,
and would have trac'd you in the golden path
of sweet promotion; but this your decline
sows all these hoped sweets.

App. 'Tis the world right.
Such gratitude a great man still shall have
that trusts unto a temporizing slave.

Clod. Slave? Good. Which of us two in our dejection
is basest? I am most sure
your loathsome dungeon is as dark as mine,
your conscience for a thousand sentences
wrongly denounc'd, much more oppress than mine.

I

Then

then which is the most slave ?

App. O double baseness,
to hear a drudge thus with his Lord compare !
Great men disgrac'd, slaves to their servants are.

*Enter Virginus, Icilius, Minucius, Numitorius,
Horatio, Valerius, Opilius with soldiers.*

Virg. Soldiers, keep a strong guard whilst we survey
our sentenc'd prisoners. And from this deep dungeon
keep off that great concourse, whose violent hands
would ruine this stone building and drag hence
this impious Judg peice-meal, to tear his limbs
before the Law convince him.

Icil. See these Monsters,
whose fronts the fair *Virginias* innocent blood
hath visarded with such black ugliness,
that they are loathsome to all good mens souls.
Speak damn'd Judg how canst thou purge thy self
from Lust and blood ?

App. I do confess my self
guilty of both: yet hear me, noble Romans,
Virginus, thou dost but supply my place,
I thine. Fortune hath lift thee to my Chair,
and thrown me headlong to thy pleading bar.
If in mine eminence I was stern to thee ;
shunning my rigor, likewise shun my fall.
And being mild where I shewed cruelty,
establish still thy greatness. Make some use
of this my bondage. With indifference
survey me, and compare my yesterday
with this sad hour, my heighth with my decline,
and give them equal ballance.

Virg. Uncertain fate, but yesterday his breath
aw'd *Rome*, and his least torved frown was death :
I cannot chuse but pity and lament,
So high a rise should have such low descent.

Icil. He's ready to forget his injury.
(Oh too relenting age !) Thinks not *Virginus*,
if he should pardon *Appius* this black deed,
and set him once more in the Ivory Chair,
he would be wary to avoid the like,
become a new man, a more upright Judge,
and deserve better of the Common Weal ?

Virg. 'Tis like he would.

Icil.

Icil. Nay, if you thus begin, I'll fetch that shall anatomize his sin. *Exit.*

Numit. Virginius, you are too remiss to punish deeds of this nature. You must fashion now your actions to your place, not to your passion, severity to such acts is as necessary as pity to the tears of innocence. *A shout.*

Minut. He speaks but Law and Justice. Make good the streets, with your best men at arms:

Valerius and *Horatio* know the reason of this loud uproar, and confused noise. Although my heart be melting at the fall of men in place and Office, we'll be just to punish murderous Acts, and censure Lust.

Enter Valerius and Horatio.

Valer. *Icilius*, worthy Lord, bears through the street the body of *Virginia* towards this prison; which when it was discovered to the people, mov'd such a mournful clamour, that their cries pierc'd heaven, and forc'd tears from their sorrowing eyes.

Horat. Here comes *Icilius*.

Enter Icilius with the body of Virginia.

Icil. Where was thy pity when thou slewest this maid, thou wouldst extend to *Appius*? Pity? See her wounds still bleeding at the horrid presence of yon stern Murderer, till she find revenge; nor will these drops stench, or these springs be dry till theirs be set a bleeding. Shall her soul (whose essence some suppose lives in the blood) still labour without rest? Will old *Virginus* murder her once again in this delay?

Virg. Pause there *Icilius*.

This sight hath stiffned all my operant powers, ic'd all my blood, benum'd my motion quite. I'll powre my soul into my daughters belly, and with a soldiers tears imbalm her wounds. My only dear *Virginia*!

App. Leave this passion, proceed to your just sentence.

Virg. We will. Give me two swords. *Appius* grasp this, You *Clodius* that. You shall be your own hang-men, do Justice on your selves. You made *Virginus* sluce his own blood lodg'd in his daughters breast, which your own hands shall act upon your selves.

If you be Romans, and retain their spirits,
redeem a base life with a noble death,
and through your lust-burnt veins confine your breath.

App. *Virginus* is a noble Justicer,
had I my crooked paths level'd by thine;
I had not sway'd the ballance. Think not Lords,
but he that had the spirit to oppose the Gods;
dares likewise suffer what their powers inflict.
I have not dreaded famine, fire, nor strage,
their common vengeance, poison in my cup,
nor dagger in my bosom, the revenge
of private men for private injuries;
nay more then these, not fear'd to commit evil,
and shall I tremble at the punishment?
Now with as much resolved constancy,
as I offended, will I pay the mulct,
and this black stain laid on my family,
then which a nobler hath not place in *Rome*,
Wash with my blood away. Learn of me *Clodius*,
I'll teach thee what thou never studi'st yet,
that's bravely how to dy. Judges are term'd
the Gods on earth; and such as are corrupt
read me in this my ruine. Those that succeed me
that so offend, thus punish. This the sum of all,
Appius that sin'd, by *Appius* hand shall fall.

Kills himself

Virg. He dyed as boldly as he basely err'd,
and so should every true bred Roman do.
And he whose life was odious, thus expiring,
in his death forceth pity. *Clodius* thou
wast follower of his fortunes in his being,
therefore in his not being imitate
his fair example.

Clod. Death is terrible
unto a conscience that's oppress'd with guilt.
They say there is *Elizium* and *Hel*,
the first I have forfeited, the latter fear.
My skin is not sword proof.

Isil. Why dost thou pause?

Clod. For mercy, mercy I intreat you all.
Is't not sufficient for *Virginia* slain
that *Appius* suffered; one of noble blood,
and eminence in place, for a *Plebian*?
Besides, he was my Lord and might command me:
If I did ought, 'twas by compulsion, Lords,

and

and therefore I crave mercy.

Icil. Shall I doom him?

Virg. Do, good *Icilins*.

Icil. Then I sentence thus:

Thou hadst a mercy, most unmerriting slave,
of which thy base birth was not capable,
which we take off by taking thence thy sword.
And note the difference 'twixt a noble strain,
and one bred from the rabble: both alike
dar'd to transgresse, but see their odds in death:
Appius dy'd like a Roman Gentleman,
and a man both wayes knowing; but this slave
is only sensible of vicious living,
not apprehensive of a noble death.
Therefore as a base Malefactor (we)
and timorous slave, give him (as he deserves)
unto the common Hangman.

Clod. What, no mercy?

Icil. Stop's mouth,
away with him: the life of the *Decemviri*
expires in them. *Rome* thou at length art free,
restored unto thine ancient liberty.

Minur. Of Consuls: which bold *Junius Brutus* first
began in *Tarquins* fall. *Virginus* you
and young *Icilins* shall his place succeed,
so by the peoples suffrage 'tis decreed.

Virg. We martial then our souldiers in that name
of Consuls, honoured with these golden bayes.
Two fair, but Ladies most infortunate,
have in their ruins rais'd declining *Rome*,
Lucretia and *Virginia*, both renown'd,
for chastity. Souldiers and noble Romans
to grace her death, whose life hath freed great *Rome*,
march with her Course to her sad Funeral Tomb.

Exeunt.

Flourish.

FINIS.